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LYRA HELLENICA:

OR,

TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGES FROM BRITISH POETS

INTO

VARIOUS KINDS OF GREEK VERSE.

BY

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EXERCITATIONES IAMBICÆ, ETC.

EDINBURGH:
R. SETON, NORTH BANK STREET.

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MDCCCLII.

To William Stobbing
from his affectionate brother
Rotheringdean W.T.S.
May 16th 1852.

PR
1179
G7H8

TO THE

Principal, Patrons, and Professors

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED AS AN

Offering of Gratitude,

BY

E. R. HUMPHREYS.

P R E F A T O R Y N O T E.

THE following Volume contains my own translations of most of the passages given as Exercises in the “*Exercitationes Iambicœ*,” together with several other pieces, not yet published.

The Work is unaspiring in its nature, and chiefly intended for private circulation ; nor do I doubt that *severe* criticism will detect many faults ; but when I state that nearly all the pieces were composed at a time during which scholastic duties occupied me closely *more than twelve hours a-day*, these may perhaps be viewed with a more indulgent eye.

I do not seek for either fame or profit by the publication, but simply to encourage *by example* the youth of SCOTLAND in the study of GREEK COMPOSITION. If the Work promote that end, its writer will be more than content.

S A L I S B U R Y H o u s e,
January 1, 1852.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO V.—Beginning—

Call it not vain ! They do not err
Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply.
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.
Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn :
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the Poet's faithful song,
And with the Poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Φύσις μὲν αὐτὴ, μὴ τόδ' ἐν κενοῖς λόγοις
 Νέσδαι νόμιζε, δυσμόρῳ πληγεῖσ' ἄχει,
 τῶν νν σεζοντων κάρτα ποιητῶν ὃν ἄν
 Θάνατος ἔλη, κλαυτοῖσιν ἐν κτερίσμασι
 τιμῇ πρεπόντως ἀντρα δ' ὑψηλαί τῷ ἄκρᾳ
 Θρηνοῦσι τὸν Θανόντα γ'. ὡσαύτως δ' ὕρος
 ἔριθροις ἐκαστον ἀργυροῦς ὀδύρεται·
 ἄνθη δ' ἀνίσης ἡδές εὐωδεῖς ὀπούς·
 πνοαι δὲ φύλλῃ ὑψηλὰ σείουσαι ναπῶν
 φωνὴν βαρείαν ἔξεγείρουσιν δρύων.
 Ποταμοὶ δὲ κῆδος ἐγγὺς αἰσσοντες τάφου
 οἰκτρὸν ποιοῦνται. Ταῦτα γ' ἵσθ' ἄψυχ' ὄμως
 ὡς οὐκ ἀληθῶς πενθίμοις θρηνεῖ γόρις·
 ἄνδρων δὲ μᾶλλον, ὥντινων μοῖραν πάρα
 μημην ἀοιδὸς μέλεσιν ἐντίμοις μακρὰν
 τείνας, τοτὲ αὖτε δυσκλεεῖ λήθη πάλιν
 Θανὸν ἔμιξε, τῶνδε συμφωνεῖν γόρις
 νόμιζε ἔειδε κανέμους δρύας τῷ ἄκρους.
 τοίγαρ στένουσι παρθένων οἰκτραὶ σκιαί
 θοὴν ἐραστῶν λῆστιν, εὐωδῶν βάτων
 δροσῷ ἔρδων τε ἔυμαριγεῖτεῦχος βραχύ
 τὸ τοῦ Θανόντος σεζομεναι. κλαίοντα δὲ
 πανώλεθρον φαντάσματ' αἰγυμητῶν κλέος,

From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier.
The phantom-knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead :
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain !
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die.
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill :—
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

ὅπου ποτ' ἄνδρας φοινίων ξιφῶν κράτει
ἀνηγίθμους ἔκοψαν, ὁζεῖας βοῆς
όξυη βιαιίῃ πνευμάτων φορύμενα
πίμπλησι πεδίον. Τοι γαροῦν ὀπαονων
μολπαῖς ἐκόντων πολλὰ τοῖς πάλαι χρονοῖς
ἄνακτες αἰνεθέντες, ἐκ λόρων ταῦν
ἐστῶτες ἀκέων, τῆς πάρος ὁδοῦς, ἵνα
τὸ πρόσθεν αὐτοὶ παντελῇ μοναρχίαν
ἔνειμαν, ἵχνη λοιπὰ θηρῶνται μάτην.
τάφον μὲν αὐτῶν δυστέκμαρτον οὐκέτι
σῆμ' οὐδὲν ἐκδείκνυσιν, οὔχεται δ' ἄμα
ἄμυνηστον ὄνομα καὶ θρόνων τῶν πρὸν σέβεις.
ἀνθ' ὧν στεναγμοὺς ἀντέα γ' ἀντηγεῖ βαρεῖς
καὶ ἐπίνδη ἀφορμῇ δάκρυα. Πᾶς τις οὖν γέ τοι
ἀνώνυμον κάδοξον ἐχθραίσων τύγχην
λύγας ἔκατι τὸν νεκρὸν πικρῶς στένει.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO VI.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my Native Land ?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wand'ring on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go ! mark him well !
 For him no minstrel raptures swell :
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim :
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down,
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung !
 O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood—
 Land of my Sires ! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand ?
 Still, as I view each well known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been,
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy streams and woods were left ;
 And thus I love them better still
 Even in extremity of ill.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Ἡ Λργὸς εἰς τοσόνδοι ἄνους τις ἀνθρωπός γ' ἔφυ,
 ὥστε ἐντὸς αὐτοῦ μὴ λογίζεσθαι ποτε,
 Ἡδὲ ἐστὶ μοι γῆ πάτρις,—ὅς ξένης ἄπο
 πόδας πλανήτας νοστίμω τρέπων ὑδῶ
 μήποτε πρὸς οἶκον ἐκτεθέσμανται κέας;
 κείνου γ' ἔκαπι, τοῦτο ἐπίστασ', οὐνεκα
 οὐδεὶς λύγαν ἀοιδὸς ἔντιμον κρέκει.
 ο γάρ, παλαιᾶς γαυγιῶν τίμαισι περ
 σωρόντος τὸ ἀμέτρον χρημάτων κεκτημένος
 ὕνομά τὸ ἀγαυδὸν, οὗτος, Ἱσθ', ὅμως μόνον
 σπεύσας τά γ' αὐτοῦ, ζῶν μὲν αἰδοίου κλεούς
 ἄμοιρος ἔσται, δίπτυχον δ' αὖδις θανών
 θάνατον κάκιστα πείσεται, μάλιστα δέ
 ἐξ ἡς τάλας πέφυκε, σύμφυτος κόνει,
 αἴσης ἀκλαύστου κάλύψου προστεύεται.
 Ἡ Λλ. ὁ Καλέδονις οὖσα κάξτ' ἀνήμερος,
 δέσποιν' ὁρῶν διείθων τε, καὶ πυκνοῖς ναπῶν
 βρύουσα φύλακοις, κάπισημος ἀγείας
 ἄνθεσιν ἐρείκης, οὅσον εἴ καταξία
 τρέφειν ἀοιδῶν κλεινὸν εἰλέύρων γένος.
 ὁ γῆ πατρῷα, τίς με τραγείας χθονός
 τῆς σῆς δυνατῆτὸν, φιλτάτης πασῶν πολὺ,
 ἀφελκύσαι πότε; ἀθλίως δὲ χαριμάτων
 πάντων ἐρημος, ἡνίκ' ἀλλ τά γ' ὄντα νῦν
 ἀθρῶν καλοῖσι τοῖς πάροιδε συντιθῶ,
 λοιποὺς κατίσχειν οὐδαμῶς δοκῶ φίλους
 πλὴν σῶν ναπῶν διείθων τε· τοιγαξοῦν πρόσω
 κακῶν πατέρων καὶ πρὸς ἐσχατον τέλος,
 ἐγωγε κεῖνα μᾶλλον ἐκ Νυμφοῦ φίλω.

PASSAGE FROM THE "BRIDE OF ABYDOS."

CANTO II. STANZA 27.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale ;
 Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late—
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face !
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear ?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the Hall and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale !
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill :
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all !
 And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
 Sufficed to kill !
 Burst forth in one wild cry and all was still !
 Peace to thy broken heart and virgin grave !
 Ah ! happy, but of life to lose the worst !
 That grief, though deep, though fatal, was thy first !
 Thrice happy ! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
 Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse !

PASSAGE FROM THE “BRIDE OF ABYDOS.”

TRANSLATED IN IMITATION OF THE CHORUS IN THE
AGAMEMNON OF ESCHYLUS.—Line 960.

’Οὗτοις περισπένει
ζυμωγῶν τοὺς γόνους
γηρώων ὑπὲξ θάλασσαν” Ἐλλῆς·
θάλασσα κορῶν, χροερὸν δέος ἀπτεται ἄνδρων.
ἴδνος ὡς Γαφείζον
Σουλίκη μόνον, σὲ δὲ οὐν
οὔποθεν στερεός ἔχων
σὸς ὄψεται γε νύμφιος· σαφῆ
φαίνει τὰ τοῦ πότμου γέος
σῶν κορῶν, ἵερὸν δὲ ἔπος
παγκρατῆ λέγον τύχην,
δουλία δὲ ἀφωνία.
Χθὼν βοῇ στόνοις στέγαι τοῖς·
ἀλλὰ Σηλίμου σφαγάς
σοῦ λάθρα γέπ’ ἐξόδοις ἀθύμου
χεὶς φοία τέλεσθε· οἰχομένας δὲ σὺν αὐτῷ
προσκοποῦ ἀμέντη πίθας
καὶ τὰ πάντα γέ, ἐκ μιᾶς
καρδία σέθεν ἥγης
διαρραγεῖσθε παύσατε εἰς ἀεί.
ὡς τρισμάκαισα παρθένος
κατθανοῦσα, βίου κακῶν
αἰνὰ μὲν σὲ πεῖστα δὲ ἐξ-
ει? ὅγη μόρῳ βραχεῖ.
’Οδυνῶν δὲ ἀγνῶς κέας ὁὖν ὁκνονσῶν
ἀδεής τοι διέξει γέ, ἀσ κακία τοι

And oh ! that pang where more than madness lies
The worm that will not sleep and never dies !
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness and yet loathes the light,
That winds around and sears the quivering heart !
Ah ! wherefore not consume it and depart ?
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief !

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread ;
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled !
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief :
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed,
Thy daughter's dead !
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
What quenched its ray ?—The blood that thou hast shed !—
Hark to the hurried question of Despair !
“ Where is my child ? ”—an echo answers—“ Where ? ”

αιδώς τε βροτοῦ φυτεύει·
 τοῦ δὲ πλέον μανίας
 δήγμασιν ἀκαμάτοις
 σκώληκος ἕσθ' ἀπαθῆς ἀνιῶντος,
 φῶς δόθ' ἡμέρας φρένες
 νύκτα τ' ἔξι γῆσης κνεφαῖ·
 αν στυγοῦσ' ἀμήχανοι,
 κάν κενοῖσιν ἐκ πόνων
 οὐ τελεσφόρων φυγὴν
 ἥλπισαν νέων δ' ἀεί.
 ὦ ναῦς, ἀλλὰ σοὶ οὐκ ὅφελος κόνις ἐστί σάκος θ', ὅσ
 ἀπήνεσιν "ΑἼδην

Σήλιμόν Τ' ἔλες σφαγαῖς.

Σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀμυχὴ πάγωνος ἀείγει·
 Νυγατήρ γάρ σοι νύμφη Βασίλεως
 ἀπόλωλ' Ὁσμῆνος ἄνυμφος·
 καὶ γάρ ἂν αὐτίκ' ίδων
 τοῖον ἔλοιτο γάμον,
 τῆς σῆς ἄγαλμα φρενὸς προτιμῶν γε.
 τοῖς δὲ σὴν παραψυχὴν
 γηρέοσκον, ἀστρον ὡς
 φωτὶ χείματος κνέφας
 Θάλπον ἐκπρεπεῖ, χθονὸς
 χάρμα τῆςδε, τοῖς ποτ' οὖν
 ἔσθεσ'; οὐγῇ σὸς φόνος;
 ποῦ μοι, ποῦ τέκνον ἐστί; δύπελπις ἀτυχόμενός τι
 φρένας μάλα κράζεις,
 ποῦ δ'; ἀμείνεται νάπος.

N. B.—In imitation of Dindorf's text, except that in the first line of the second antistrophe, I have substituted an anapæstic line to correspond with the strophe. E. R. H.

CHRISTIANITY CONSISTENT WITH THE LOVE OF FREEDOM.

ROBERT HALL'S WORKS, p. 153.

AN attention to the political aspect of the world is not now the fruit of an idle curiosity, or the amusement of a dissipated and frivolous mind, but is awakened and kept alive by occurrences as various as they are extraordinary. There are times when the moral world seems to stand still; there are others when it seems impelled towards its goal with an accelerated force. The present is a period more interesting, perhaps, than any which has been known in the whole flight of time. The scenes of Providence thicken upon us so fast, and are shifted with so strange a rapidity, as if the great drama of the world were drawing to a close. Events have taken place of late, and revolutions have been effected, which, had they been foretold a very few years ago, would have been viewed as visionary and extravagant; and their influence is yet far from being spent. Europe never presented such a spectacle before, and it is worthy of being contemplated with the profoundest attention by all its inhabitants. The empire of darkness and despotism has been smitten with a stroke which has sounded through the universe. When we see whole kingdoms, after reposing for centuries on the lap of their rulers, start from their

CHRISTIANITY CONSISTENT WITH THE LOVE
OF FREEDOM.

TURNED INTO GREEK PROSE.

" Ηδη μὲν περὶ τὰ ἐν ἀνθρώποις πολιτικὰ οὐ σπουδάζουσιν οὐ κενῶς πολυπομαγμούστες οὐδὲ οἱ ἑποὶ πονηροὶ τε καὶ φλυαρίᾳ διώκοντες ἥδονάς, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀπαντας ἀνακινοῦστα διατελεῖ τὰ οὕτω ποιήσατε καὶ ὑπερβοῦ γενόμενα. ἐστὶν ὅτε προκέποντες ἑποὶ τὸ καλὸν οἱ ἀνθρώποι παύεσθαι δοκοῦσιν· ἐστὶ δὲ ὅτε πρόσω βιάζεσθαι περὶ τὸ τέρπα Θάττου δρεόμῳ· ἀλλὰ τῶν ἥδη παρελθόντων χρόνων οὐδὲν ὅτῳ οὐ μᾶλλον οἴομαι θεῖν προσέχειν ἢ τῷ νῦν ὁμοίως γάρ τις περὶ ἀλλαγὴν ἀνθρώπινων διεῖπεια τέλος εἶγε, ταχέως μὲν συνάγεται εἰς ἡμᾶς τὰ παρὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ, ὑπερβοῦς δὲ ὡς μετ' ὄχις ἀλλοιοῦσαι. καὶ μὴν τὰ ἀρτίως γενόμενα καὶ τὰ ἥδη νεώτερα, εἰ ἐντὸς οὐ πολλοῦ χρόνου προβλέψῃ, πάνυ δὴ ἄποπα καὶ περιττὰ ἔδοξεν ἀν, οὐδὲ ἔπι καὶ νῦν λείπεται τῆς προτοῦ διυνάμεως. Ἀλλὰ οὐδέποτε ἐν τῷ πρώτῳ γε χρόνῳ ᾖδε ἔσγε τὰ τῆς Ἐυρώπης, τὰ δὲ νῦν πᾶσι τοῖς ἐνοικοῦσιν ἀξιά ἐστι τὸν νοῦν ἐπιμελέστατα προσέχειν· ἡ γὰρ τοῦ σκότου καὶ τῆς δεσποτείας βασιλεία οὕτω σφόδρα ἐτετη ᾖστε αὐτὴν τὴν ἡγεῖην πᾶσαν γῆν κατασγεῖν. Καὶ τίς ἴδοιν μὲν ἐνηδόν τὰ ἐν κόλποις τῶν κρατηράντων ἀναγίνητα ἔτη ἀναπαυθέντα ἀφ' ὕπνου ἐξιστάμενα, ἀνθρώπους δὲ ἐν ταπεινῶν ὀρθούς γιγνομένους, τοὺς δὲ τυράννευσας τρέμοντας, τίς οὖν ἀν γένοιτο πάνυ ἀμέλης, τίς οὐκ ἀν

slumber—the dignity of man rising up from depression, and tyrants trembling on their thrones,—who can remain entirely indifferent, or fail to turn his eye towards a theatre so august and extraordinary? These are a kind of throes and struggles of nature to which it would be a sullenness to refuse our sympathy. Old foundations are breaking up; new edifices are rearing. Institutions which have been long held in veneration as the most sublime refinements of human wisdom and policy—which age hath cemented and confirmed—which power hath supported—which eloquence hath conspired to embellish, and opulence to enrich—are fast falling into decay. New prospects are opening on every side, of such amazing variety and extent, as to stretch farther than the eye of the most enlightened observer can reach.

Some beneficial effects appear to have taken place already, sufficient to nourish our most sanguine hope of benefits much more extensive. The mischief and folly of wars begin to be understood, and that mild and liberal system of policy adopted, which has ever indeed been the object of prayer to the humane and the devout, but has hitherto remained utterly unknown in the cabinets of princes. As the mind naturally yields to the impression of objects which it contemplates often, we need not wonder, if, amidst events so extraordinary, the human character itself should appear to be altering and improving apace. That fond attachment to ancient institutions, and blind submission to opinions already received, which has ever checked the growth of improvement, and drawn on the greatest benefactors of mankind danger or

τρέπεται τούς ὁρθαλμοὺς πρὸς τὸ οῦτο σεμνὸν καὶ ὑπερφυὲς θέατρον; τίς δὲ, μὴ ἐμέλων ἐπὶ τοιαύταις φύσεως ὀδύναις καὶ ἀγωνίαις ἔλεος ποιεῖσθαι, οὐκ ἀν ὅρθῶς νομίζοιτο σκυλωπός τις εἶναι; οἱ μὲν πάλαι θεμέλιοι ἔχαντανται, νέα δὲ οἰκοδομήματα ἀνεγείρεται· ἡ δὲ πάλαι δόξαν ἔχει ὡς οὐ πορθετέρω προηλθεν ἢ τῶν ἀνθρώπων σοφιά τε καὶ βουλή, ἡ δὲ παλαιότης συναρμόσασα ἐξεσαίωσεν, ἡ δὲ ἔχοντες τλούτῳ, πάντα ταῦτα νῦν ταχέως ἀρχαντίζεται. ήδη δὲ ποικιλώτερά τε καὶ εὐρύτερα ἐγένετο ἢ ᾧστε τὸν βέλτιστα βιέποντα ἐφικέσθαι.

Απὸ τούτων τοίνυν τοιαῦται ἡδη ἔχεισαν ὠφέλειαν ὥστε τὰς ὡς βεσσαιοτάτας τῶν μελλουσῶν ἐλπίδας αὐξάνειν· τὴν τε γὰρ ἐκ πολέμων βιλάσην καὶ ἀρρεσύνην ἀρχάμενοι οἱ ἄνθρωποι αἰσθάνεσθαι ὑποιαί εἰσιν, ἡ πιωτέραις ταῖς βουλαῖς καὶ ἐλευθεριώταταις χρῶνται, ὥπερ ἀεὶ μὲν ἔχαντο οἱ φιλάνθρωποί τε καὶ εὐσεβεῖς, οἱ δὲ τῶν ἀρχόντων σύμβουλοι οὐδέποτε ἐν οὐδενὶ ἐποίησαντο λόγῳ οὐδὲ μὴν, τὰ γὰρ πολλάκις θεωρούμενα εἰκότως τῆς ψυχῆς καθικνηταί, θαυμαστὸν δεῖ ποιεῖν ὅτι ἐχόντων οὕτω περιττῶς πραγμάτων τὰ ἀνθρώπινα ἦδη μετάστασιν λαμβάνοντα φαίνεται καὶ ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον ἐπιδίδοντα. τὸ γὰρ ἄγαν περὶ ἀρχαῖα νόμιμα μπουδάζειν καὶ τὸ ἀλόγως σαῖς πάλαι δόξαις προσκείσθαι, ὥπερ ὅη ἀεὶ μὲν σοῖς ἐθέλουσιν ἐμποδὼν ἦν μὴ οὐκ εὗ προχωρεῖν τοῖς δὲ ἐπὶ τὸ πλεῖστον τοὺς ἀνθρώπους εὐεργετήσασιν ἐπήγαγεν ἢ κίνδυνον ἢ ὀλιγωρίαν, ταῦτα νῦν μεθίσταται εἰς τὸ τολμηρῶς τε καὶ ἀδεῶς ἔχετάζειν. Δοκοῦσι γὰρ πάντες μᾶλλον ὁρθοῦσθαι τε καὶ ἐλεύθεροι γίγνεσθαι· καὶ πλεῖστη μὲν αὐτοῖς ἥττον δὲ ἐτέρωις ἐπεργείδονται, μείζον δὲ καὶ συνειδύτες αὐτοῖς ἀξίαν

neglect, is giving way to a spirit of bold and fearless investigation. Man seems to be becoming more erect and independent. He leans more on himself, less on his fellow-creatures. He begins to feel a consciousness in a higher degree of personal dignity, and is less enamoured of artificial distinctions. There is some hope of our beholding that simplicity and energy of character which marks his natural state, blended with the humanity, the elegance, and the improvement of polished society.

τινὰ φυσικὴν ἡτταν διὰ ἔξωτος ἔγουσι διαφορὰς τὰς σκευαστάς. ἐπεὶ ὁ
ἐλπίς τις γίγνεται συγκεκριμένα ἰδεῖν τοῖς τε φιλοκάλοις καὶ εὐχάριστοις
καὶ ἀστενήσι τῶν νῦν τρόποις τὰ παρὰ φύσεως ἀπλά τε καὶ δραστήρια
γέλη.

HORACE, EPISTLES.

B. I. EP. 14.

Villice silvarum et mihi me redditis agelli,
Quem tu fastidis, habitatum quinque focus, et
Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere patres ;
Certemus, spinas animone ego fortius, an tu
Evellas agro ; et melior sit Horatius, an res.
Me quamvis Lamiæ pictas et cura moratur,
Fratrem mœrentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
Insolabiliter ; tamen istuc meus animusque
Fert, et amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.
Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe beatum :
Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio sors.
Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur inique ;
In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit unquam.
Tu mediastinus tacita prece rura petcas ;
Nunc urbem et ludos et balnea villicus optas :
Me constare mihi scis, et discedere tristem,

HORACE, EPISTLES, B. I. EP. 14.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK HEXAMETERS.

Χωριδίου ἐπίσιους³, ἔνθ' αἰεὶ γίγνομ' ἐμεῖο,
 ἀλλὰ σὺ Νυμὸν ἀσῆ, πένθ' ιστίζοιν ἐνόικου,
 πέντε δὲ καὶ πατέρας Βαρίης ἀγορήνδε διδόντος—
 νῦν ἐριδαίνωμεν, πότερος οὖν δὴ κρείσσον ἀκάνθας
 Νυμοβέόντος ἄρδ' ἔγωγ' οὐπερσόν γε τὰς ἀπὸ γαιής
 ἐκτίλλεις· πότερος ἐστιν Ὁράτιος ἢ καὶ ἀρχοῦσα
 βέλτιον. ἀλλ' ἐμέ περ Λαμίου σὺν πένθεσι μικτόν,
 τεθνηῶτ' ὁδύνησι δυσιάτοισιν ἀδελφόν
 κοπτομένου, καὶ νῦν μ' ἐλκει φρενὸς ἴμερος αἰπύν
 πέρος σ' ἀπὸ βαλ. Εἰδων μάλα δὴ μεμαῶτα φέρεσθαι.
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ ναίοντ' ἀγρούς, σὺ δὲ καὶ τὸν ἐν ἄστει
 θλ. Εἰζεις· μοῖραν δ' ἐτέρου, τοσῷ, ἣν τις ἐπαινῆ,
 αὐτὸς ἐγὼν στυγέει· ἀλλ' ὡδὸς ἀδίκοις ἐπέεσσι
 μωροὶ ἀμωμήτους χώρας δυνατάζομεν ἄμφω.
 αἴτιός ἐστι νυ Νυμός, ὃς οὐκ ἀλεσίνει ἐν αὐτόν.
 εὐχόμενος δέ ποτ', ἀστυ νέμων, χωρῆσαι ἐπ' ἀγρούς,
 νῦν ἀγρῶν ἐπίσιους ἔέλθειται αὗθις ἀγώνων
 δημοσίων, καὶ λούεσθαι ἔυποῶσι σὺν ὅγλοις.
 καίτοι ὄμοιος ἐγὼ αἰεὶ κακὰ δάκρυα λείεω
 αὐτὸς ὄπως εῦ οἶσθ', οἴποταν μ' ἀέκοντα πόλινδε
 ἐλκη τι στυγερὸν χρέος. ³II οὐκ ἄξιος φῆτα Νυμῷ

Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam.
 Non eadem miramur; eo disconvenit inter
 Meque et te: nam, quæ deserta et inhospita tescua
 Credis, amœna vocat, mecum qui sentit, et odit,
 Quæ tu pulchra putas: fornix tibi et uncta popina
 Incentiunt urbis desiderium, video; et quod
 Angulus iste feret piper et tus ocios uva;
 Nec vicina subest, vinum præbere, taberna,
 Quæ possit tibi: nec meretrix tibicina, cuius
 Ad strepitum salias terræ gravis: et tamen urges
 Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva, bovemque
 Disjunctum enras, et strictis frondibus exples:
 Addit opus pigro rivus, si decidit imber,
 Multa mole docendus aprico parcere prato.
 Nunc, age, quid nostrum concentum dividat, audi.
 Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli,
 Quem scis immunem Cinarae placuisse rapaci,
 Quem bibulum liquidi media de luce Falerni,
 Cœna brevis juvat, et prope rivum somnus in herba:
 Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.
 Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
 Limat; non odio obscuro morsuque venenat:

ἄλλα πέλει καὶ σοι, ὡσπερ φρονέειν ἀνόμοια;
τίς γάρ, ἐμοὶ τὸ σα φρονέων, οὐχ, ὅσσα γ' ἔρημα
σοὶ δοκεῖ δὴ νῦν ἄξεινά τ', ἐπήργατ' ἀν εἴποι,
ὅσσα δὲ καλὰ καλεῖται, μυσάρ' αὐτίκα κάρτ' ὀνομήναι;
Ἔπου πονείου κρειῶν τέ σε νῦν πόθος διπτῶν
δαιδολάπτων φρένας εἶλ' ἄρδην, θυέων τε παλαιῶν
καρπῶν τ' ἀλλοδαπῶν οὐδ' ἥκιστ' οἶνος, οἵω,
τηλοῦ ἐών κνίζει σ'. οὐδ' ἔστ' αὐλητρίς ἐταίρη,
ἢς ὑπὸ δινῆσεις κελαδεινῆς ποσσὶ βεβαίην
οὐ κούφοις κροτέων χθόνιας καὶ ὡς τοι αἰνεὶς ἄργους
τεύχεσιν ἀμφιέπεις ἀδμήτην, σχέτλιε, καὶ βοῦν
κεκυμηῶτα λένεις καινοῖς φύλακοισι κομίζων.
καὶ μὴν οὐκ ὀλίγους, ὅτ' ἐπιφεύση Διὸς ὅμοιος,¹
μόγθους πληρεῖς ἵὸν σοὶ θήσει τοῦτο ἔειθεον,
δυσκηρεῖς ισχανάντας κρατεραῖς ἀπὸ λείμακος ὅχθαις.
"Αλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐρέω, σίνος εἴνεκ' ἀπ' ἀλλήλοιο
νύστῃ διέπτημέν γ'. φῷ θ' εἴματ' ἐήνδανε θυμῷ
λεπτότατ' εὔκοσμοί τε κόμαι, ὃν καίπερ ἄδωρον
οὐκ ἀπέωσ' ἀρταῖς κινάρη, φῷ τ' ἥκματι μέσσω
οἶνον καὶ πίνοντι κατηγέων ἄγγις ἔοάων,
ἀσμένω τὴν ὑπνος ἐν λείμακι ποιηέντι—
τόνδ' ἔχει οὐ παίσαντά τις αἰδώς, ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
τοιούτων ἐρῶντο· οὐδεὶς ὕσσοισιν ἐπ' ἀγρῷν
οὐδὲ ἐμὲ θησῖται φθονεύοις, οὐδὲ ἔχθος ἄδηλον
ἴσχει ἐν καστρίῃ, μαλλὸν δ' ὀπόταν με μακέλλαις
γῆν τάμνονθ' ὀρέωσε, γελάσπουσι κατὰ θυμὸν.

¹ Cf. Hom. Il. v. 90.

Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.
Cum servis urbana diaria rodere mavis ?
Hornm tu in numerum voto ruis ? Invidet usum
Lignorum et pecoris tibi calo argutus et horti.
Optat ephippia bos piger; optat arare caballus :
Quam scit uterque, libens (*censebo*) exerceat artem.

χλιδί, ἡ μάλα δὴ, οἷον δούλωσισιν ὥστε
γλυπτοῖς βρέματα πόλισ, μῶροι εὐχόμενοι ἐρατίζεις;
ἀλλ' αὖ σοι μήτων φθονέει πᾶς ἐνθάδε δοῦλος
καὶ λαγάνων, λαμπρῶν τε πυρῶν νῦν οἶμα σε γάλαπει.
ἴππος ἀροῦντι ἐραται, Βοῦς εἶκελος ἐμμεναι ἴππω,
ἢν δέ τις εἰδειη τέχνην, τήνδ' ἐρδοι ἔκαστος.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Wildly and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—
“Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come,”—
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-haired youth of England stood
Like a king’s son; though from his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the Island blood,
And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright
And high around him blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim’s face: but who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell,
Known but to Heaven that hour? Perchance a thought
Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,
Rose clear as day! and he might see the band
Of his young sisters wand’ring hand in hand,

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

GREEK LAMBIICS.

Σιγὴν μὲν ὑλῆς ἐν βαθὺῖ λόου στίχοις
 φέγγει σελήνης ἡργυρωμένοις, θεόμοι
 Ἰνδοῦ τάξασσον τυμπάνου πενθήμονες.
 ἐξυθροὶ δ' ἀξιστεῖς δεσμίῳ μέλ.ψαι τάχα
 ὥξας παρούσης θανασίμους ηὔδων γένους.¹
 οὕτος δὲ, προσιδεῖν Ἀγγλικὸς νεανίας,
 στὰς ἀπρέμα, φαινοῖς ἐν μέσοις Ἰνδοῖς μόνοις,
 ἦν δῆλος ὡς φὺς βασιλέως· ὅμως δ' ἄξα
 αἷματος ἀφῆκαν ξυγγενοῦς πυρὸν γάνος
 παρῆδες, ὠχρόν τ' ἔθιγε χειλέων κρύον.
 παλλόμενα δ' ἔνθα κάνθα πνευμάτων βίᾳ
 κέδροις φλογωπὸν ἐν μέσοις σέλ.ας πυρὸν
 ἔλαμπε νύκτερ² ὁζέως, τῷ τ' ἀθλ.ίῳ
 πέρι τοῦ ἔχοντα κεῖσθαι προσεπίθει πλάνον.
 τίς δ' ἄλλος, εἰ μὴ πόντος ἐπιστήμων Θεός,
 ὃσ' ἐν μυχοῖσι καρδίας κείνῳ τότε
 ἐκρύπτει, οἷος τ' ἐκφράσαι; φρεσὶν δ' ἵσμος
 σαφῶς τι ταῦτα ἔσωθεν ἐξηκασμένην,
 γεαφῆς δίκην του, φρεστίος οἰκεῖσιν πέρι

¹ Alsch. Agan. 1445.² Eurip. Phoen. 234.

Where the laburnums drooped ; or haply binding
The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding ;
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth
Where sat their mother ; and that mother's face
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled ! Perchance the prayer
Learned at her knee came back on his despair ;
The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her "*Goodnight*" might breathe from boyhood gone !—
He started and looked up—thick cypress boughs,
Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
In the broad, stormy firelight ; savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom—
Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England ! Idle fear !
Would the winds tell it ? Who might dream or hear
The secret of the forest ? To the stake
They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
Of many hearts !—The fondly reared—the fair—
Gladdening all eyes to see ! And fetter'd there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.

ἐνέόσκετ', ἐπεληθεύσαν δὲ είαις δύαις·
 νέας δ' ἀδελφάς τυμπλοκαῖς ποιαῖς χρεῶν
 ἀλωμένας τάχ' ἀνθίνων θάμνων ὅποι,
 ἢ καὶ θύρας ἐλεῖη εὐρόσις τάχ' ἄν
 τοι στεφούσας, ἢ τὸν ἡλίου δύσει,
 σπάνει θυραίας παιδιᾶς, μητρὸς πέλας
 ἐδραῖσιν ἔνδον ἐστίαν ὁμοῦ πάρεια
 καλὴντο· καὶ πρός γ', ἀσπερὸν ἐν τῷ πρὸν χρόνῳ,
 σεμναῖς ἐλευσενὶ ὅμμα φαιδρωπὸν χρεῖαις
 τὸ μητρός, εἴτε μνῆστις, ὥν εὐχῶν βρέφος
 αὐτὸς παῖς αὐτῆς ἔμαθε γονυπετής, παρῆν
 θάλλουσά γ', εἴλ' ὡς ἡδὺ λιπαρεῖται λόγῳ
 τὸ χαῖτ' ἐκάστης νυκτὸς εὐλογοῦσά νιν
 προσεῖπεν ἀλλ' ἄφνω γὰρ ἀλλεται κέαρ
 βλέπων δ' ἀνωθεν εἰσορῷδε δασεῖς κλάδους
 κυπαρισσίνους ἡχαῖσιν ἐμπνευστοὺς τάναις
 πυρόσσους τε φλεξίν, ἀγγίους δ' ἀνθρακας, λόφους
 σειόντας ὑψοῦ χρῶτά τ' ἡλιοιωμένους
 γεαφαῖσι δειναῖς, φάσμαθ' ὡς νόσων, κύκλῳ
 ἐστῶτας, ἀλλ' οὖν οἱ κλάδοι κλείθονται κακοῖς
 ἀστρεων ἔδοξαν φέγγος ἐκκληῆσαι γλυκύν,
 ἄμα τ' ἐλπίδος· ὅδε τὴν πεπρωμένην τάλας
 κάποιδεν αἴσαν· ὅδ' ἀκούσαντες φίλοι
 οἱ τῆλε νῦν χαίροντες ὀλεῖα τύχη,
 οἵαισι πημοναῖσιν οὐ δακεῖν ἄν;
 ἀλλ' οὐχὶ ταῦτ' ἔστ' ἀργά; τίς γὰρ ἄν ποτέ
 μυχῶν τὰ κευπτὰ τῶνδος ἀν ἀγγεῖλαι πάθη;
 ἀξ' ἀνεμος; ἀξ' ὕνειρος ἢ τις ὄψις ἄν;

He thought upon his God. Hush ! hark ! a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity—
A step hath pierc'd the ring ! Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawnlike child
Of green savannahs and the leafy wild,
Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
For hers had mourned a playmate brother dead.

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She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong ;
And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
Even to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close Liannes ; then rais'd her glitt'ring eye
And chasten'd voice, that said—" He shall not die !
He shall not die!"—The gloomy forest thrill'd
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fel
On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were still'd,
Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed—their dark souls bowed before the maid,
Her of the dancing step in wood and glade !

τόνδ' οὐν τὸν ὕσσοις πᾶσι προσφιλέστατοι,
 τὸν εὐπρόσωπον, τὸν φιλοστόρεγοις πάλαι
 τεθραμμένον τρυφαῖσιν, ἀνδρείοις τότ' αὖ
 πατρῷον ἐν στέρνοισι συλλέγοντ' "Ἄξη,
 ὅπως ἄναυδος ἔσχατ' ἐσχάτων πάθοι,
 σταυρῷσι προσδήσαντες ἀνδρες ὁρθίοις
 ἔστησαν οὕτω Θανασίμου πέλας πυρᾶς.
 τῷ μὲν τὰ τοῦ μέλλοντος αἰῶνος παρῆν
 τὰ δεῖν, ὁ δὲ ἄρχων φανὸν ἐν χεροῦ ἔχων
 πυρὸν παρῆλθεν, ἦνίκ' ἐξαίφνης Βοή,
 ἥχνος Δ' ὁμαρτῆ στέφανον¹ εἰσπηδᾷ μέσον,
 τὰ σεμνά θράσσον ιερών τίς δ' Ἰνδοῖς πόδα
 ὀργὰς πρὸς ὡμάς τραπομένοις ἐπεμφέρει;
 κόρη γ' ἀερά τις, προσφερῆς νεῳρῷ δέημας,
 ἦτις νάπτης Θάλλουσα ποιηζοῦσα μυγοῖς,
 καθὼς ἐρήμοις ἄνθος ἐν τόποις μόνον,
 ἔειλαστεν ἀγνώς πάσιν. ἀλλ' ἦδη νέκρον
 ἀδελφὸν ἐστέναζεν οὗσα περ νέα
 μοῖραν τάχος μαθοῦσα δύστηνον βίον.

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*

Κείνη γὰρ ὕσσε σῷ πίκρῳ Θεάματι
 βόσκουσα δηρόν, οἴκτον ὥστ' αὔξειν μέγαν
 πρὸς σταυρὸν ὀργῆς ἐγκεκατεῖ θερμῆς βίᾳ

¹ Eurip. Phœn. 798.

And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermaster'd them from that young mien—
Something of Heaven in silence felt and seen ;
And seeming to their childlike faith a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

* * *

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath ;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress-tree,
“ Away !” they cried, “ young stranger, thou art free !”

ἀρμητο, καὶ τα τοῦ νεανίου κάσα
 κόλποις κομίζουσ' ἐπιχειρ' ὀλευῶν τὸν γῆ.
 ἔπειτ' ἐπάργασ' ὑμα καὶ φύγγον λιγύν,
 “οὐ καταδιεῖπαι,” διατόρω νάπης Βοῆ,
 ἐξεῖπε λαμπτῷ τηνικαῦτα δ' εὐθέως,
 σφοδραῖς ἐπωδῶν ὡς βίαις νικωμένους,
 θαῦμ' εἶχε πάντας, ὥστε καὶ χέρ' ἡσυχήν
 καὶ καρδίαν σχεῖν κάτενεῖς πῆξαι κόρης.
 οὕτω δὲ τῆσδε παιδὸς εὐηθοῦς λόγοις
 ἔδωκαν ὡς γὰς χρῶμα τὰς παιζῆδας
 ἔθαψε πυρσὸν, καὶ πνοαῖς ἀνέπτατο
 χαίτη μέλαινα νυκτέριας, τότ' ἐμφανῶς
 αὐτοὺς Θεῆλατόν τι κάρφογγον κράτος
 ὠδ' ἐξέπληξεν, ὥστε φερομένους ἀπλῆ
 πίστει τὸ Θεῖον πνεῦμα γ' αὐδῆσαι, σαφῶς
 ὡς γεῦσαν αὐτοὺς ἐπολάτες κόρης διά.
 Οἱ δὲ αἴγματ.ώτῳ δεσμὰ λύσαντες χειροῖν.
 ὡχρῶν τε χειλῶν θανάσιμον ποτήριον
 ἀφαρτάσαντες, πυρσὸν ἐσθίεσαι κλάδοις
 κυπαρισσίνοις ὕπ., “ὦ ξέν,” αὐδῶντες, “τανὺν
 ἔξεστ’ ἀπελθεῖν, ἀπαγ’, ἐπεύθεος γὰρ εῖ.”

HORACE, EPISTLES.

B. I. 2.

Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi ;
Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim, nisi quid te detinet, audi.
Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
Stultorum regum et populorum continet æstus.
Antenor censem bellum præcidere causam.
Quod Paris, ut salvus regnet vivatque beatus,
Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere lites
Inter Peliden festinat et inter Atriden :
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.
Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi :
Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine et irâ,
Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.
Rursus, quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,

HORACE, EPISTLES.

B. I. 2.

TURNED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Χαίρων μὲν, ἡνίκ' ὥ μέγιστε Λόβλιε
 ἕσκεις σὺ Ρώμη ξυνδικεῦ, τὰ Τρωϊκὰ
 πάλιν διηλθον πάντα Πραινέστης ἔσω·
 ἐκ τῶνδε γὰρ μάθοις ἀν ἐμφανέστερον
 τὸ μὲν καλὸν καὶ χρήσιμον τὸ, δ' αὗτε μή,
 ἦ φθέγγεται Χρύσιππος ἢ Κράντωρ τάδ' οὖν,
 ἦν σοι γένηται μηδὲν ἐμποδών, φράσω.
 μῆθος γὰρ, ὅσπες Ἐλλάδ' ἐμμανοῦς ὑπερ
 Πάριδος ἔωστος βαρεάρχοις αὐδῆστοις
 ξυστᾶσαν, δργάς βασιλέων σκαιῶν σαφῶς
 λαῶν τε δείκνυστος εἰσάπαξ μὲν ἀξιοῖ
 ιστάμενον εὐθὺς πόλεμον· Αντήνωρ σχάσαι,
 Πάρις δὲ δείδων ὀλείω κράτει πέρι
 οὐ πείθεται. Νέστωρ δὲ Πηλείδου κακὰς
 λύων Ἀτρείδους τ' ἔριδας, ὥν τὸν μὲν φλέγει
 ἔρως μάλιστον, ἀμφοῦ δὲ ἄπτεται χόλος πικρός,
 βουλὰς ἐπείγει φιλοφρόνως, στρατὸς δὲ πᾶς
 δίδωσιν, ἀν ἀνακτεστημένον, δικῆν·
 οὔτως δὲ κάκω πανταχοῦ Τροίας τοῦ ἔσω
 ταισχυλοῖς ἔδοις ἀν πάντα γὰρ ξυγχεῖστάσις,
 δργὴ, δόλος πανούργος, ἀκολαστός τοῦ ἔρωτος.

Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem ;
 Qui, domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
 Et mores hominum inspexit ; latumque per æquor,
 Dum sibi, dum sociis redditum parat, aspera multa
 Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.
 Sirenum voces et Circæ pocula nosti,
 Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,
 Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis et excors,
 Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.
 Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati,
 Sponsi Peuelopæ, nebulones, Alcinoique
 In cute curandâ plus aequo operata juventus,
 Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, et
 Ad strepitum citharæ cessatum ducere curam.
 Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte latrones :
 Ut te ipsum serves, non exergisceris ? atqui
 Si noles sanus, curres hydropicens.

Et, ni

Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non
 Intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis,
 Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquebere. Nam cur,
 Quæ laedunt oculum, festinas demere ; si quid
 Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum ?

αὶ λ. αὐδίς ἀξετὴν καὶ σοφὴν φαινων φένει
όποια δὲώσι, τάχη¹ Ὁδυσσεώς καλοῦ
ἡμῖν ἔγραψε² "Ομηρος· οὕτος· Πλ. Ιου
πολλάς δαμέντος πόλλα³ ἀλώμενος πόλλας
ἀνδρῶν ἔθη τ' ἐσεῖδε· καν σάλ. ϕ τάλ. ας,
νόστον πορίζων εἰ δύνατο γ' ἐκπονεῖν,
τυγχαῖς ξυνέστη δύσπετμοις, ἀεὶ δ' ὅμως
ἔπειτα⁴ ἄθεαυστος· ξὺν δὲ Σειρῆνων μέλη
Θεῖατηρίων, Κίρκης τε φάρμακ⁵ ἡδονῶν
αἰσχεῶν γέμοντα καὶ βρυτοὺς ὕστε φύσει
ἔνταξε⁶ μιαίνοντ⁷ ἢ κυνός, τάδ' οὐδαμῶς
βλ. ἀψαι νιν οἴα θ⁸· οἴ δὲ δρῶμεν αὖ κακῶς
οὐκ ἔσμεν ἀλλα⁹ ἢ πληθος, οἵς φαγεῖν μέλει,
μνηστηρίες ἀργοὶ Πηνελ. ὑπηρ., καθάρματα,
τρυφὴν ὑπέρφευ γ' ὥσπερ οἱ μετ' Ἀλκίνου τ
τιμῶντες, ὥρας τ' εἰς μεσημέρινάς ὑπνον
τεῖναι φιλοῦντες φροντίδας τε κοιμίσαι
λύσας ὑπ¹⁰· Άρ¹¹ οὐ δεινὸν, εἰ φόνου χάριν
σωτηρίας οὐχ ὑπνον ἀτοκαλεῖς; νόσῳ
τρὶν ἀν βιασθῆς, σὸν μάλ¹² ἀσκῆσαι σύνοις.
τ. α. εἰς μαθήσεως, ὕθειος βιβλ. οις ὅλην
ψυχὴν προσάψας, τό τε καλὸν σπεῦσον πρόφρεω,
μήπως σ' ἔρως ποτ¹³ ἢ φύνον δάκη φένει.
τι, σῶμα παύειν αὐτίκ¹⁴ ιμείσων νόσου,
μέλλεις ματεύειν φάρμακ¹⁵ ἀλγούσῃ φένει;

¹ Eurip. Phoen. 560.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet; sapere aude,
 Incipe: qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
 Rusticus exspectat, dum defluat amnis; at ille
 Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
 Quæritur argentum puerisque beata creandis
 Uxor, et incultæ pacantur vomere silvæ.
 Quod satis est cui contigit, hic nihil amplius optet.
 Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et auri
 Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
 Non animo curas. Valeat possessor oportet,
 Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
 Qui cupit, aut metuit, juvat illum sic dominus et res,
 Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum,
 Auriculas citharæ collectâ sorde dolentes.
 Sincernm est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis, accescit.
 Sperne voluptates; nocet emta dolore voluptas.
 Semper avarus eget; certum voto pete finem.
 Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis;
 Invidiâ Siculi non invencere tyranni
 Majus tormentum. Qui non moderabitur iræ,
 Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
 Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto.
 Ira furor brevis est: animum rege, qui, nisi paret,

φρονεῖν δὲ τύλμα, τοῦτο γιγνώσκων, οὐτι
ἔχοντον ἀρχή γ' ἐστὶ πᾶσιν ἡμίσου,
οἵστες δ' ἂν οἱθησένται ἀναβολὴν πράξεως ποιῆται
πόταμον ἀπελθεῖν ὅσπερ ἄγροικος μένει
ό δ' οὐδὲν ἡσσω τὴν ἔοήν ἔμπας προγεῖται.

Καὶ μὴν τις οὐχὶ χρημάτων ἐφίεται
καὶ πλουσίας γυναικὸς εἰς παιδῶν γονῆν,
ἀρρένων τ' ἀρουρῶν ἡμερωμένων πέρι;
οὔκουν τά γ' ἀρκοῦνθ' ικανὰ τοῖσι σώφροσιν,¹
οὐ γάρ, σάφ' ἵσθι, χρήματ' οὕτε σώματι
οὐδύνας ἀμῦναι κάρτα τοῦ κεκτημένου
οὕτε οὖν μερίμνας πολυπόνους· οὐδὲν δ' αὖτις καλῶς
χρῆσθαι θέλῃ τις ἀν θεός πόρη, νόσῳ
οὐδὲν ξυνεῖναι δεῖται· φῆ γάρ οὐ πόθου
μέτεστιν η φόβου τι, τοιούτῳ γάναι
τίν' εἰσφέρουσιν ἡδονὴν ὑπερτίξεαν
ἡσπερος γραφαὶ λημῶνται καὶ φωναὶ λυγῶν
βεβενσμένῳ τά γ' ὥτα; κάλλιστον δ' ὑδωρ
φθείρει πονηρὸν ἄγγος. ἡδοναῖς ἀρά
ἀνθίστασ' ἀρδην αἴσπερ ἀλγυνεῖται ξυνών.
οὐ μὲν ποθῶν γε πόλι; ἔχει σπάνιν· σὺ δ' ἐν
τέλος σκόπει τι χώρα φθόνους τρέφων ἀεί—
ῶν οὐδὲν εὗρε Φάλαρις ἀλγιον πότε—
φθίνει τάχυστα τάγαθ' ἀνθρώπων ιδόν.
δργὴν ταχὺς κάθεισγε, μὴ, δοῦναι δικὰς
μέλλων, τὰ σ' ἔργον ἀπερακτα βουληθῆς μάτην,

¹ Cf. Eurip. Phoen. 564.

Imperat: hunc frenis, hunc tu compesee catenâ.
Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister
Ire viam quâ moustret eques. Venaticus, ex quo
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ,
Militat in silvis catulus. Nunc adbibe puro
Pectore verba, puer, nunc te melioribus offer.
Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu. Quod si cessas, aut strenuus anteis,
Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus insto.

έπει δε μανίᾳ προσφερήσεις ὁργὴ πέλει,
 τὰ πράτα θυμόν, ὅσγε, μὴ δοῦλος περὶ ᾧ,
 ἀρχεῖ δύσοιστος, ἐγκειτῶς καθεκτέον.
 καὶ λόγος γὰρ ἵππος ἴππεως καθ' ἡδονήν
 νεαῖς ἐν ὕδαις εὐγερῶς διαμάζεται,
 σκύλας δε θηρῶν σχήμασιν πλαστοῖς νεύει
 θηρᾶν ταχὺς ἔυνηκεν, ὥσαντας δε σὺ,
 ἐώς ἔθ' ἦδης ἔστι ἀκήρατον γάνος,
 σοφῶν λόγους ἔμπινε, χώς χύτεα γ' ἔσει,
 ἡτις λαζοῦσα νεοπαγῆς ὀσμῆν αἰεὶ¹
 καλὴν φυλάξει. Μή βέαδεῖαν οὖν ὁδὸν
 μήδ' αὖ ταχεῖαν ἔρπ¹, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ ἐγώ ποτε ἀνι
 ἔτερον διώξαιμ¹ οὐδεὶς προσμείναιμ¹ ἐκών.

¹ Cf. Soph. Phil. 948, 446.

ODE TO RUIN.

BY BURNS.

All hail ! inexorable Lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain—
 A sullen welcome all !
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut *my dearest tie*,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread,
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.
And Thou, grim Power, by life abhorred,
While life a pleasure can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer !
No more I shrink appalled, afraid,—
I court, I beg, thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !

ODE TO RUIN.

TURNED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Χαιρέ τὸν τέραμνε κοίραν, οὗ δεινοῖς λόγοις
 εὐθὺς καταρρέει βασιλέων κράτος μέγα
 ἀρχαιοπλούτων, ξὺν δὲ σοὶ πάντες γ' ὅσι
 ἄκη φέροντες καὶ πόνους μεθ' ἡδονῆς
 ὑπηρετοῦσι· νῦν γὰρ ἀγνακπτος βλέπω,
 ἀνελπις ὃν ὁρθοῖσιν ὀφθαλμοῖς βέλη
 τὰ σ' εὔστοχον, ἥδη τούμαν ὀξείᾳ κέαρ
 ἐγένετος αἰχμῇ τὴν τε φιλτάτην χαράν
 ἀφαρπάσαντος· οὐκέτ', οὐκέτ' ἐν φόβῳ
 πυκνὸν σκοτεινῶν λαιλάπων ἔχω ζόφον
 ἐπὶ κράτα μου στυγητὸν εἰσαλουμένων.
 Σὺ δὲ ὦ δυνάστα γοργὲ, τοῖς ζῶσιν δέος
 ἕως ἔχει τί γ' ἡδονῆς ζῶντα μέτρον,
 εὐχὰς δέχου μοι τάλαντα τάσδε λιπαρεῖς.
 οὕτοι μὲν ὁκνηρὸν ὀσῆμα κωλύει ταῦτα
 φίλῃ, καλῶς σε, λίσσομαι σ', ὥναξ, χερί¹
 τελος βίω θέστης τῷδε δυσπότιμῳ τακτῷ.

When shall my soul in silent peace
Resign life's joyless day ;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
Cold, mould'ring in the clay ?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face ;
Enclasped and graspèd
Within thy cold embrace.

πότ' ἀποθεαλοῦσα δύσφορον βάρος τύδι
 ἡμὴ σιωπῆς ἀψεται ψυχὴ μακρᾶς;
 πότε σφαδασμῶν ἥδε καρδία μόλις
 λήξασα γῆς πάτωθε τήξεται μυχῶν;
 τέτ' οὐ δι' θεσσων ἐεύσεται πάλιν δάκρυ
 φύεον τὸν ἀπεσται πάρθεος, ἵνα καὶ ἀν γέγενε
 αἱ σαι μὲν ἀπείρωστοι εἰμπέσθη προπτεύματι.

A U T U M N.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

With what a glory comes and goes the year :
The birds of Spring, the beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the Autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees ;
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.—
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing ; and, in the vales,
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down

AUTUMN.

IAMBICS.

Ως ούνιαυτὸς ἔρχεται φαιδρὰν ἔχων
 χάριν τελεῖ τό· ἐν ἦρι, νεογενεῖ φύσεως
 χαίρουσι θάλπει κάλυκες ὄγκηροι ἔόδων,
 εὐηλίων κήρυκες ἡμερῶν γλυκεῖς,
 γλόρη τε γαίας εὐφυεῖ πάλιν δ', οὐτε,
 βλέποντος ἀμελένγ' ἥλιου δι' ἀργυρῶν
 νεφῶν, χαραῖσι χεισόναξπον ἐκλαγών
 κλῆρον τέλειος σώφροσιν χαίρει χρόνος,
 ἀπαντα λαμπρᾶς καλλόνης πέριξ βρένει.
 νῦν δ' ἐκπνέων τις μαλακὴν δαίμων χύνον
 δένδρο', εὐπροσώπων φαιδρὰ χρωμάτων φύσει,
 βαζαῖς ἀγάλλει χρυσέαισι, δαψιλοῦς
 πάντη νέαν κρατῆρος ἐκχέων χάριν
 νέφη δὲ θεῷμῷ λευκὰ βαπτίζει φάει.
 φανῷ δ' ἕως τῷρεια καλλύνει σέλ.α,
 ὃς τις θέρειος πορφυρὸς φορούμενος
 ὕρνις πτεροῖσι παγκρατεῖ δ' ἐν ἄγκεσι
 τέχνη πρόθυμος ἀνεμος ἀσπασμῷ κυνῶν
 πολλῷ τὰ φύλλα ἔσωθεν εὐδένδρων μυγῶν
 ζωὴν φέρει νεογνόν, ἔνθα δὴ μέλη
 γεζαῖ' ὀπώρᾳ γελ.υμένῃ σκεπάσματα

By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel ; whilst, aloud,
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings ;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the thrashing-floor the busy flail.

O ! what a glory doth this world put on
For him, who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well-performed, and days well-spent !
For him the wind, ay ! and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings :
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

φιλότεροι πλέκουσι φοινίων κλάδου
 μελιῶν, κόμη τε ξανθόθριξ σφενδαμνινή,
 φηγοί τε λευκοί· χρυσέαισι δ' εύσκινος
 ὕδριθες ὄλας οι φιλάνθρωποι δέργαις
 κοσμοῦσι, μινυρῶς δ' οἰκτρὸν ἄδοντες μέλος,
 οἵς κέρασος ἐστὶ καὶ κέρδος Βορὰ φίλη,
 σπίνοι πτῖλοισι πορφυροῖσιν εὐπρεπεῖς
 κόπτουσι θάμνους ἐνγγίοις· στεγῶν δ' ἄπο
 λιγεῖαν ἐκχέουσιν οἱ γλαυκοὶ χαράν,
 ἵλαιρῶς δὲ λεία πολυκρότων πληγῶν ἄλως
 βοαῖσιν ἡχεῖ. Πᾶσι γ' ἀνθρώποις, ὅσοι
 εἰς τὸν πάρος βλέπουσιν ἄσμενοι βίον,
 κηλίδος ἄμορον καὶ καλῶς δεδρασμενοῖς
 ἔργοισι λαμπόν, ἥλιψ λέγειν τό πᾶν
 θερμαῖσι καρδίαισιν οὐ φοβούμενοι;
 ὅσον τὸ κάλλος χῆδε γῆ τοιοῦτον ἔχει!
 τοιούσδε γ' ἄνεμος καὶ ναπῶν ξάνθη φόει
 φθόγγον λαβοῦσα νουθετεῖ σοφώτατα,
 ὕμνον δ', ὃν ἄδει πᾶσι θάνατος ἐγκρατής,
 τὸ περὶ σοφῶς μαθόντες, διφθαλμοῖς στάσιν
 ἔξουσ' ἀκλαύτοις πάνδοκον γαίας κάτω.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO VI. STANZA 29.

With naked feet and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go ;
The standers-by might hear uneath
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all their lengthened row ;
No lordly look nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown :
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they knelt them down :
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave ;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead :
From many a garnished niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.
And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

TURNED INTO LAMBICS.

Καὶ μὴν πλοκὰς ἔχοντες ἐν στέρνοις χερῶν,
 πόδας τε γυμνοὶ κάνδεδυκότες σάκον,
 στόλος στρατηγῶν οἰκτρὸς ἐκβαίνει δόμων.
 μόλις δὲ φωνὴν στόματος ἡ ποδῶν πάτον
 ἡ καὶ πνοὴν ἤκουσαν οἱ στάντες πέζοι·
 οὐδὲ ἀν τύχαννον ὄμμα· ἵδοις ἐνταῦθα που
 ἥχνος τοῦ Αρειον· τοῦ γάρ ἔμπροσθεν κλέους
 φρονήματός τοῦ ἔδοξαν οὐ μνήμην τρέψειν.
 οὔτω λαθοίσι φάσμαθ' ᾧς, βάντες στίχοις
 ἴκτηρίαισι βαμίων βάθεων ἔπι·
 σιγαῖς ἔθηκαν γόνατα· κάνωθεν καλά
 ἐπίσημο· ἐφεῦκῆς, τῶν πρὸν ἴππεών χάριν,
 κρεμάστο· ἵδοις ἀν καὶ κάτω λευκὴ κόνις
 ἔκειτο προγόνων μνημάτων γλυπτῶν ὕπο·
 μυχῶν δὲ ἔσω τοῦ στησαν, οἱ πίστεως ὕπερ
 ὀμοῖς φόνοις ὠλοντο, γόργ' ἡκασμένοι.
 Οι δὲ αὖ σεῖαστοι πατερες ἐννόμῳ στόλῳ,
 λευκοῖς ἔκαστος περιβεβλημένοι πέπλοις
 κεφαλὰς δὲ ἐρεμοῖς εὐπρεπεῖς καλύμμασιν,
 μάζαν φοροῦντες χερσὶ τὴν μυστηρίαν,
 λύχνων θ' ἀφάς, βίστον τε, καὶ σεπτὸν φάρος,

The holy fathers, two and two,
In long procession came ;
Taper and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner flourished fair
With the Redeemer's name.

Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled :
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead ;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal.
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose :
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song :—

“ Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet seclum in favillâ ;”

While the pealing organ rung :
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung :—

ἐν ᾧ γένεται τὸ θεός τοις πατέρεσιν
ἔγειρεν—οὐτως πάντες ἐν τάξει διπλῆ
μακρὰς στοάς μετροῦντες εὐτάκτω βάσει,
λόγου πρόσω στείχουσι γονυπετοῦς πέδης.
κάνταυδ' ὁ Θεῖος χείρας ἐκτείνας πατήρ
πάντας παρηγορήσατ' εὐφήμοις λόγοις,
σταυροῦ δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς ιερὸν ἐκγεάψας σίσσας,
Θεὸν προσηύδα καὶ λινήχ² ὅπλοις κράτη
εὐθευλίαν δὲ στέμματι παντελῆ νέμειν.
Ἐπειτα δὲ ιερεὺς μυστικὰ φέντας τέλη
ῳδαῖς λιταῖσι τοῦ νεκροῦ χάριν Θεὸν
πόλλα ικετευσάς ὄμοῦ τε κώδωνες λιγύ
σωτηρίας ἥχησαν αἰδίας ὑπερῷ.

Τέλος δὲ, παιάνι αὐτίχ³ οὐαστήριοις,
ὗνυφδος ὀργάνοισιν εὐφώνοις, μακρὰν
διὰ στοάς ἔτεινεν ὑψηλὰς βοῆν.

“ Φεῦ, Φεῦ·

Τὸ δεινὸν ἥμαρ, ἐμφόει πακῆψαν βίᾳ,
καὶ μεστὸν ὀργῆς, εἰς κόνιν λέσει τὸ πᾶν.”
ἀλλ', εἴπερ ιεροῖς ἀσμασιν πάρεστι μοι
ἔργων ματαίαν ἀνοσίων ἥζσιν τελεῖν,
τοιόνδ' ὄμαυλοις γῆρασες ἐζηκεν μέλοις·

“ Φεῦ, Φεῦ·

Τὸ δεινὸν ὀργῆς ἥμαρ, ἡνίκ' οὐδανός
καὶ γῆ πλατεῖ εἰς οὐδὲν ἐκλυθήσεται·

(HYMN FOR THE DEAD.)

“ That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away !
What power shall be the sinner’s stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

“ When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll :
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

“ O ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner’s stay,
Though Heaven and Earth shall pass away ! ”

τῷ ποτε βοηθῷ πίσυνος ὡμαρτῶν βέβοτός
εἰσόψεται τὰ δεινὰ τῆς τύδ' ἡμέρας;

“ “Οτ’ ἐγκαλυπταῖς φλοῦν οὐρανοῦ κύκλος,
οἶν δέρος φρυκτὸν τι, συσπασθήσεται,
καὶ τοὺς παρ’ “Λιδου διατόρος σάλπιγξ νεκρούς,
δεινὴν σκεδῶσα γῆραν, ἔχαναγκάσει.

“ “Οτ’ ἐκ μυχῶν γῆς κρίσιν ὑφέζουσιν βροτοί,
δεινῆς ὅτ’ ὀργῆς ἡμέρα κείνη πάρα,
σὺ γ’, ὡς παναλκές, ἐν μέσοις ἐρειπίοις
γῆς οὐρανοῦ τ’, ἄρηγε τοῖς παναθλίοις.”

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand :
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams,
 The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,
 Once more a king he strode—
And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain road.

He saw, once more, his dark-eyed queen,
 Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
 They held him by the hand !
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
 And fell into the sand.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

IAMBICS.

Στέρενον μὲν εὐρὺ γυμνὸς, ἐν δὲ Φαμακίνοις
 κεκρυμμένος πίνοισι συμπλοκὴν τριχῶν,
 ἵσχων ὁ δοῦλος δρέπανον ἐμπέδῳ χερή
 ἔκειτο ὀξύζης ἐγγὺς ἀψαύστου θέρους.
 ἐνταῦθ' ἔδοξεν ἐκπαθεῖς ὀρῆν ὑπνου
 γαῖαν πατρῷαν ἐν δνέφοις· ἔνθ' αὖ πάλιν
 φέειαις ὡφ' ὑψηλαῖσι φοινίκων, ὅπου
 πεδίων ἀνάσσει πίνων εὔρυσθενής
 Νίγειρος, ὡς πάροιθε, Βασιλικῷ πάτῳ
 ἔστειχ', ἀπωθεν ἐμπόρους πόμπαις μακραῖς
 ὕβεια σὸν τερπνοῖσι κωδώνων κρέτοις
 κέλευθ' ἀθρῶν τέμνοντας. ἐμπάλιν δὲ καὶ
 ἄνασσαν εἶδε φιλτάταις τὴν πρὸν τέκνων
 βλάσταις ξύνουσσαν· ὡς δέ γ' ἐν δόξαις ὑπνου
 χειρῶν πλοκαῖς χαίροντες ἡσπάζοντόν νιν

And then, at furious speed he rode
 Along the river's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains ;
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his courser's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn to night he followed their flight
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyæna scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crush'd the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it pass'd like some glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream !

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the blast of the desert cried aloud
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep, and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

φιλήμασίν τε καὶ δέρης προπτύγμασι,
εἰς Ψάμμου ἐστάλασσεν ἐκ χαρᾶς δάκρυ.

"Επειτ' ἀρείων ἔμπλεος φρονημάτων
ἴππων δὶ' ὄχθας ποταμίας χρυσήνιον,
Θοῦς χροτοῦντος κουλεοῦ λαμπροῦ δρόμοις,
ιεὶς ἀπὸ ἑυτῆς ἐξωριμήσατο.
ὅρνεις δὲ ἄνω πάροιθε φοινικοπτέρους
πυκνὰς φάλαγγας ὡς τι φοίνιον φάρος
δὶ' αἰθέρος τείνοντας, ἀκαμάτῳ φυγῇ
ἔδοξεν ἀπ' ὅρθου νυκτέρων μέγρι σκότων
πέδια περῶν Βρύσοντα Θαυμαστῆς φέρεις
διωκάθειν, ἔωςπερ ἀλμυρὸν σάλον
σκηνάς τούτης ἐξεῖδεν ἀγρίων Καφρηρίων.
ἐν νυκτὶ δὲ αὖτις λέοντος ὠρυθμὸς Βαρύνει,
βοή δὲ ὑαίνης δεῦρωνος, ἐν δὲ ἔλει
κρυπτῷ βίαιος ποταμίων ιππῶν ψόφος
δασεῖς πατούντων δόνακας, ἐν φαντάσμασιν
ἀνειράτων καλοῖσι προσφερῆς Βρόμω
παρηγέλθει ἀρείων τυμπάνων διηγεκεῖ.
Φορουμένῳ δὲ μυρίαις γλώσσαις νάπη
ἥχηστ' ἀπαντά γένεσιν ἐλευθέρων,
Ψάμμου δὲ ἐρήμης παγκρατῆς πνοὴ χθονός
φωνῇ διάφοροις ἀγρίᾳ τινι ἐξ ὑπνου

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay,
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

ῳδὸς ἐξέγειρεν ὁ στει μειοῦσαι βίᾳ
 ἡσθέντα τερπνῇ πνευμάτων ἀδεσπότων.
 ἀλλ᾽ οὐκέτε αὖτε ἡσπαῖρε μαστίγων ὑπό^{το}
 μεσημερινῶν τε θαλπέων, ἐπει, βίου
 ψυχὴ δυσοίστου θάνατον ἀλλάσσουστος ἄμα,
 ἐγένετος ἀπέβαλε σώματος φθαρτὰς πέδαις.
 ᾧδὲ ἡρεμαίως εἶχεν ἄψυχον δέμας.

“WE MOURN.”

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

We mourn for those who toil,
The slave who ploughs the main,
Or him, who hopeless tills the soil,
Beneath the stripe and chain :
For those, whom in the world's hard race,
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase :—
Why mourn for those who rest ?
We mourn for those who sin,
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren Pleasure beckons in
To prisons of despair :
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
Are wrecked on Folly's shore :—
But why in sorrow should we mourn
For those who sin no more ?
We mourn for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend.—
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away—
O ! mourn for *them* no more !

“WE MOURN.”

IAMBICS.

Τῶν μὲν πονούντων πάντα δεῖ πενθεῖν ὑπερ,
 εἴτ' οὖν πλάταις τις δουλίαις σάλου διά
 ἐλᾶ βιασθείς, εἴτε μάστιγος φόβῳ,
 δεσμοῖς πιεσθείς, ἐλπίδ' οὐχ αὐτῷ τρέφων,
 ἀξούσαν ἥρος, οὓς δὲ τὴν ἄμιλλαν αὗ
 βίου τρέχοντας ἀχάρισιν κήδη πικρά
 πόνοις διώκει παρδίας δημητήρια
 ἀλλ' εἰς τὶ κοπτόμεσθα τοὺς κοιμωμένους;
 Τοὺς δ' αὖ κακούς γε παγίδι πειρασμοῦ λάθρα
 οἰμώζομεν ληφθέντας, οὓς ἀν εἰς δόμους
 ἀγέων ἀφυκτοὺς ἡδοναί, Σείρηνες ὡς,
 καλέσωσ', ἀελλαῖς τ', ἔκγονοι μωρᾶς φρενός,
 ἀτης πατάξωσ' ὀλεθρίφ δεινῆς Βίᾳ.
 ὅμως δὲ κείνους πρὸς τὴν Θρηνῆσαι χρεών,
 ὅσοις ὄμιλεν οὐκέτ' ἔσθ' ἀμαρτία;
 τούτους δὲ χοῖ, δαμέντες ἀλγεινῷ πάθει,
 φιλίας γοῶνται θανάσιμον καθαίρεσιν
 πόθου τε Θεῷμοῦ, δάκρυσιν οἰκτείγαι πρέπει.
 ἀλλ' οἵπερ οὐκέτ' εῖσ' ὑπήκοοι κράτει
 λυπῶν θροτείων, οἷς ἀπώμοςτεν Θεός
 δάκρυα τὰ πάντα, μηκέτ' οἰμώζῃς σύ νιν.

D E A T H.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !
 Day is for mortal care,
 Eve for glad gatherings round the joyous hearth,
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
 But *all* for thee, thou mightiest of the earth !
 The banquet hath its hour,
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine !
 Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time, &c.

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

DEATH.

IAMBICS.

"Ωρα μέν εστι πτώσεως είμαρτιμένη
φύλλοισιν, οὐδ' ἀωρα βοῇσαισις φθίνει
ἡπαῖσιν ἄνθη, καίσιαι δ' ἀστροῖς δύσεις,
σοὶ δ' ὡς μέτεστι θάνατε παντοίων γεόνων.
καὶ μὴν μεζήμναις ἡμέραν θεὸς Βίου
τὴν Φ' ἐσπέραν ἔδωκεν οἰκείων χαρᾶς
ὄμιλοῖς, φέρει τε νῦν ὀνείρατα
εὐχῆς δε φωνὴν καρτερᾶς, σοὶ δ', ὡς γένοντον
κράτιστε πασῶν, πάνθ' ὄμοῦ καθίσταται.
Θοίναισι δ' ὥρα παιδιᾶς πεπλησμένη
ὑμνῶν τε κεῖται καὶ χλιδῆς οἴνου κακῆς.
καὶ καιρὸς ἐστι πημονᾶς ὁ μὲν πικραῖς,
οἱ δὲ αὖ χαρᾶς γε δάκρυσιν, πάντες δὲ σοὶ
ἥξη ὁ ἀκμαία καὶ ἔόδου κάλυψη νέου
κρείσσων σκοποῦντι φαίνεται πάσης φθορᾶς,
ἀλλ' εὐπρόσωπον ὑπεροχῶν αὐτῶν γάνος
ἄγειν τέξειναν ἀποδρέπεις τριεῖς ἀτερ·
ῶρα γάρ εστι πτώσεως είμαρτιμένη
φύλλοισιν, οὐδ' ἀωρα βοῇσαισις φθίνει
ἡπαῖσιν ἄνθη, καίσιαι δ' ἀστροῖς δύσεις,
σοὶ δ' ὡς μέτεστι θάνατε παντοίων γεόνων.
Τις οὐ σεληνῶν οἶδεν ἐμμήνους φθίσεις,

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?
They have *one* season, *all* are ours to die !
Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air,
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there !
Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest !
Leaves have their time, &c.

τρόποσιν δ' ἐπείαν διηγέων τὴν ἐν Θέρει,
 στάχυσι δ' ὀπώξας χρυσέοις λαμπεούσῃ γάσι;
 τὴν σὴν δ' ἄριξιν τὶς προμηνύσειεν ἄν;
 ἀρ' οὖν ὅταν γε θύευσθα τρωτον ἐκλέγῃ
 ἀηματ' ἥρος νεογένους θων τότοι,
 ἦ γῆταιν ἀκεὰ θιγγάνη ἔσδων φέροια;
 ᾧ μηδὲ μήτερες γ' ἐνθανεῖν—πᾶσαι Βροτοῖς.
 Σὺ γ' ἐμβατέεις κυμάτων λευκούς ἀπεσόνε,
 ὅτου δε μολιτῶν εἰσιν ἐμπλεῖαι πνοαί,
 ἀνδρας δ' εἰς οἴκους ἡσύχους ἔξηει μέτα,
 ἕπω δε καλλιθεοῦσιν ἐμπίττεις θως.
 φῖλος δ' ὅτοι ξυνηλθει ἵε ταῖτὸν φῖλῳ,
 πτελέας δέ τοις ἡσύχαισι πείμενος σκιαῖς,
 ὅτου δε καὶ σάλπιγξιν ὀζεῖαις μάχην
 πολέμιος αὐδᾷ πολεμίῳ, οἵτη δ' ἀμφὶ
 λέρους ἀπειδῆ Βασιλέων, Βαίνειν φῖλοῖς.
 ᾧ γάρ ἵστι πτώσεως εἰμαρμένη
 σύλλογον, οὐδέ τοις ἀνδραῖς Βορεῖαισις φίλοι
 ἵνταντον ἀνθη, καίσιαι δ' ἀστραπεῖς δύσεις,
 τοι δέ τοις ἀ μέτεστι θάνατοις παντοῖων χρόνων.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight :

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour-wall :

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

IAMBICS.

"Οταν κνεφαῖον ἡμέρας ἥκῃ τέλος
 φωναί τε νυκτὸς ἥπιαι Ψυχὴν, σχεδόν
 ναζκήμασίν γ' εἴκουσαν, εἰς τέρψιν πάλιν
 ἀγνήν καλῶσι κάκγονοι πυρὸς σκιαί,
 ποὶν ἐσπέρους λαμπτῆρας ἀφθηναι φάει,
 ἀνὰ τοῖχον αἰόλοισιν ὁρχῶνται τρόποις
 φαντάσματ' ὡς γογγωπά, τηνίκ' αὖθις αὖ,
 οἵ ζῶντες ἥσαν φίλαταὶ πιστοί Φ' ἄμα,
 μακρὰν θανόντες, ἥκ' ἀνοίξαντες θύραν
 ἐμοὶ καύνεισιν, οἶον ἐν βίῳ γ', οἱ μέν,
 ἥδην ἀκμαῖος κείται ἔριν βέλτιστος ὅν
 μάχης ἀρείαν, ἐν βίου πορεύμασι
 καμὼν ἀπώλετ' ὅν νεανίας ἔτι.
 ἄλλοι δὲ ποὺν πρέποντες εὐσεβεῖ βίῳ,
 σταυρὸν τε πράως πημονῆς μακρᾶς πικρὸν
 ἄξαντες, αὐτοὺς θανατίμῳ πλήγῃ τέλος
 ἐνδόντες ἡμῶν τῆλ' ὄμιλίας ἄπο
 ἀπεστάλησαν. Ξὺν δὲ γῇ καλὴ κόρη,
 ἥ γ' εἰς τὰ πρῶτα ἔρωτί μ' ὅντα δὴ νέον
 θεόδοτος μάλ' ὠλεῖσ', ἥδ' ἐν οὐρανῷ

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downwards from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

μακάρων ἐν ὁσίᾳ τάσσεται πανηγύρει.
 τότ' ἀψοφήποις ἡ Θεόσυτος κόρη
 ποσὶν προσελθοῦσ' αὐτίκ' ἄγχι μου θρόνον
 οἵτινει κενὸν ψαύει τε τῆς ἐμῆς χειρός·
 καθημένη δὲ οὖν διματῶν ἔμ' ἐκ βάθους,
 ἃ γ' ἐμφερῆ στ' ἀστροῖσιν ἡρέμ' εἰς βρότους
 ἐκ νυκτεροῦ βλέπουσιν οὐρανοῦ κάτω,
 ἀτενὲς ἀθρεῖτερεινά γ'. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ καλῶς
 φθογγάς ἀφώνους προστριψόπης ἐπίσταμαι
 ψόγοις μὲν ἡπίοισιν εὐφήμοις δὲ ἄμα
 ἐκ μαλθακῶν χειλῶν με τιμώσας λόγοις.
 ἀνδ' ᾧν, ἐρημίαισι δυσθυμοῦντι δῆ
 πολλαῖς, ὅμως τοιούεδε μοι μεμνημένω
 ζωούς ποτ' ὄντας καὶ θανόντας ἐνθάδε,
 εὐθὺς καταβέβοισι σύμπαντες φόβοι.

SARDANAPALUS.

ACT V.—MYRRHA LOQUITUR.

The day at last has broken. What a night
Hath ushered it ! How beautiful in Heaven !
Though varied with a transitory storm,
More beautiful in that variety !
How hideous upon Earth ! where peace and hope,
And love and revel in an hour were trampled
By human passions to a human chaos,
Not yet resolved to separate elements.—
'Tis warring still !—And can the Sun so rise,
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky,
With golden pinnacles and snowy mountains,
And billows purpler than the Ocean's, making
In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,
So like, we almost deem it permanent ;
So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught
Beyond a vision—'tis so transiently
Scattered along the eternal vault ; and yet
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch

SARDANAPALUS.

IAMBICS.

Mέλισσα.—

Οἶον μὲν ἥδη νυκτὸς ἐξ οἴας πάρα
γεννηθὲν ἥμαρ ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καλῶς,
πολλὰς δ' ἀμαυρῶν λαιλάπων δι' ἀλλαγάς
κάλλιον αῖθις βραγχέος ἐκλάμπει σκότου.
ἀλλ' ἥλιθ' ἀνίσχον τοῖς κάτω μύσος γ' ὅσον·
οἱ γὰρ διαστρόφοισιν ὁρμῶντες φεσί
χαρὰν ἄπασαν κάλπιον εἰρηνήν Φ' ὁμοῦ
εἰς οἶον οὐδεὶς χωρίσαι πάλιν κάσος
κάτοιδ', ἔμιξαν τυγχάνσει πανωλέθρῳ.
ἀγῶν δὲ καὶ νῦν ἐστίν· ἀλλὰ τοῦ γάριν
οὔτως ἐφήναθ' ἥλιος; καὶ πᾶς νέφη
κούφους ἀνέπτυξε· εἰς ἀτμούς, πρὸς οὓς μάτην
ἀνέβελος αἰθήρ ἐξαμιλλᾶπαι γ', ὅῃ
νιφόκυπτ' αἴρων χρυσεοστόλους τ' ἄκρας
καὶ πορφυρώτερος· ἐναλίων κλυδώνια,
εἴκασμα γαίας ὥστ' ἐν οὐρανῷ γράφειν,
φρένας γε πεῖθον εἰς ἀλήθειαν Νέας·
ὄμως δ' ἄνω ποικιλλα ποιῆσαν βραγχό^ν
ἔπειτ' ὁμοίως οὔγχεται φαντάσματι,
οὐκ ἀξιόν τι κλήσεως βελτίνος.

Of sorrow and of love, which they who mark not,
Know not the realms where those twin genii—
Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet rebukes
For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
The air with clamour—build the palaces
Where their fond votaries repose and breathe
Briefly ; but in that brief, cool, calm, inhale
Enough of Heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,
And dream them through in placid sufferance ;
Though seemingly employed like all the rest
Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks
Of pain or pleasure, two names for one feeling,
Which our internal restless agony
Would vary in the sound, although the sense
Escapes our highest efforts to be happy !

καίτοι τόδ' εἴδοντες ήπιαίς ψυχήν βίαις
 θελητηρίαισι τ' εὐθέως ξυντήκεται,
 τέλος δὲ τοῖς τ' ἐρῶσι καὶ λυπουμένοις
 φίλον τι κήλημ¹ ἀνατολαί τε καὶ δύσεις
 φέρουσιν. ἀλλ' ὅσους γε ταῦτα λανθάνει,
 οὗτοι μεγίστους δύο θεούς, κολάσμασιν
 οἵ τῶν σεβόντων καρδίας σωτηρίοις
 ὀρθοῦσιν, ὡστε μὴ θέλειν πᾶσαν χαράν,
 οὐση βοαῖς ἔσεισεν οὐρανοῦ κύκλον,
 αὐτῶν πρώτασθαι γ', οὐκ ἵσασιν οὖν ὅπου
 μόχθων τοιοῦσδό ιστᾶσιν ήσυχῶς ἔχειν
 ἀναψυχὴν μικρὰν μὲν αὐταρκῆ δὲ ὅμως,
 οὗτον πνοαῖς θείαισι θελγέντες πόνον
 λοιπῶν δι' ὥρῶν, κοινὸν ἀνθρώπων βάρος,
 φέροντες ἡξέμ², ὡς ὄναρ βίου μόνον,
 μάλιστα καρπεζοῦσιν ὡς δὲ ἀυτως βρέτοις
 ἀλλοισι πράττειν τάργα τάξωρισμένα
 εἴδ' ἡδονῆς δοκοῦσιν εἴτε πημονῆς·
 μίας γάρ οὔτως ὄνόματ' αἰσθήσεως διπλᾶ
 καλοῦμεν, ἦν λόγῳ μὲν ἀλλάσσειν φιλεῖ
 πάθη φενῶν ἀληκτος, ἀλλ' ἔργῳ μάτην
 βίου στοχαζόμεσθ' ἔκαστος ὀλείου.

¹ Cf. Eur. Troad. 893, "a magic spell."

BYRON'S MARINO FALIERO.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Doge. You see me here,
As one of you hath said, an old, unarmed,
Defenceless man : and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters the patricians.
Why I was there you know, or think you know ;
Why I am *here*, he who hath been most wronged,
He who among you hath been most insulted,
Outraged and trodden on, until he doubt
If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
Asking of his own heart, what brought him here ?
You know my recent story, all men know it,
And judge of it far differently from those
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
But spare me the recital, it is here,
Here at my heart, the outrage—but my words,
Already spent in unavailing plaints,

BYRON'S MARINO FALIERO.

IAMBICS.

Τέρσοντα μὲν τόνδ' ἄνδρα κάνοπλον τανῦν,
 ὡς ἀρτίως τις εἶπε, καὶ προθέληματος
 ὁρᾶτ' ἀμοιρὸν· χθὲς δὲ κάν τυραννικοῖς
 ἀρχὴν δόμοις ἀρχοντα τιμιωτάτην,
 τῶν θ' ἐκατὸν ὕντα προσέλέποντι κοίρανον
 νήσων τέλειον, τὸν δὲ τοὺς ἀλούργεσι
 τυραννίδος ψῆφοματ' ἐνδαπούμενον,
 οὐ τῆς ἐμῆς περὶ οὐδὲ τῆς ὑμῶν ἄρα,
 ἀλλ' οἵα τούτοις τοῖσι γενναίοις δοκεῖ,
 οὐ τῶνδε δεσπόζουσι. Τῆς ἐκεῖ λόγον
 παρουσίας ἵστ' η εἰδέναι δοκεῖτέ που·
 ἀλλ' ὅτι παθὼν νῦν ἥλθον,—ὅστις δὴ προτοῦ
 πλεῖστ' ἡδίκηταί γ', ὅστις ἐξυγρισμένος
 ὕβριν κακίστην κὰς πέδον πατούμενος
 αὐτῷ μόλις τὸνοιδεν εἰ σκώληκ γέ τοι
 η μὴ πέφυκεν,—οὗτος ἀντ' ἐμοῦ λέγειν
 δυνατήν ἀν, αὐτὸν ἐγόμενος τοιαῦθ' ἄμα,
 ὡς δὴ τί δράσων τῇδ' ἐν ἡμερᾳ πάρα.
 ὑμεῖς δὲ τάπ' ἔμ' ἀρτίως—τίς δ' ἔσθ' ὃς οὐ;—
 ἐξιστε πάντες ὡς ἔχει, γνώμαις δὲ καὶ
 τούτων κέγεησθ' ἀλλαισιν, οἱ πικροῦ χάριν
 κειται κάθηντο καταγέλωτος, ἀλλά μοι
 τὸ μὴ λέγειν τὸ γύγνωτε, τῇδε γὰρ τρέφω
 ὑγρισμα τοῦτ' ἔντοσθε καρδίας ἐμῆς.

Would only show my feebleness the more,
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapons ; but I need not urge you.
Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices,
In this—I cannot call it commonwealth,
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince, nor people,
But all the sins of the old Spartan state
Without its virtues, temperance and valour.
The lords of Lacedæmon were true soldiers,
But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,
Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved ;
Although dressed out to head a pageant, as
The Greeks of yore made drunk their slaves to form
A pastime for their children. You are met
To overthrow this monster of a state,
This mockery of a government, this spectre,
Which must be exorcised with blood,—and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing in a fair, free commonwealth
No rash equality, but equal rights,
Proportioned like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.

ἀλλ' οἱ λόγοι χυθέντες εἰς τὸν ἀέρα
 βοαις ἀκράντοις ἐμφανέστερον γ' ἔμ' ἄν
 ἀμήχανον δεῖξειαν ὅντα, νῦν δὲ ἐγὼ
 πάρειμ', ὅπως καὶ καρτεροὺς, κράτος διδοὺς,
 πέδος ἔργα κού πέδης τὰς γυναικείας μαχῆς
 τρέπω τέχνας, ἀλλ' οὕτι δεῖ μὲν ὑμᾶς τρέπειν.
 καὶ τάφ' ἐκάστου δημίου ἀμαρτιῶν
 ἐν τῇδε ἔφυ κάκον οὐ λέγω κοινῇ πόλει
 οὐδὲ οὖν βασιλίδι γ', οὔτε γὰρ δῆμος πάρα
 οὔτ' ἀρχὸς, ἀλλὰ πάντα τῶν πάλαι κακά
 τῶν Σπαρτιατῶν ὡδὸς ἀμοιρα τῶν καλῶν,
 τῆς τούτης ἐγκρατείας κάρετῆς, οὐρανὴν ἔχει.
 Λακωνίδος γὰρ οἵ ποτε ἀρχαντες φένεις
 ἀρείφατοι κάρτερησαν οἱ δὲ τῆςδε γῆς
 ἀξιώς τρυφῶσ', ἡμεῖς δὲ χώρας Εἴλωτες αὖ
 ὑβρίσματος· ὃν ἐμοῦ τίς ἀλλά πάθοι πλέω
 ηδούλικώτερος, ὅντος ἐν Θεατρικοῖς
 ὡς πρωταγωνιστοῦ γε καλλωπίσμασιν,
 ὅποτε ἀλύρμασθε οἱ πρὸν "Ελληνες τέκνοις
 δούλους ἐποιήσαντο πλησθέντας μέθης;
 καὶ μήν τοι συναντήσεις ὡδὸς ὑπερφυῶς πόλιν
 νῦν ὡς καζιαζήσοντες εἰς ἔν τοι κητεί,
 ὑπουλὸν ἀρχῆς σχῆμα, φασμα δεινόπουν,
 ὃ πλὴν φόνοις οὐκ ἐκβάλοιτο ἀλλά, εἶτα δὲ αὖ
 αἰῶν' ἀληθείας τε καὶ δίκης νέον
 κατάζομεν, πάνδημον εἰς κοινωνίαν
 οὐ πάντα βουλαῖς ἐξισοῦντες ἀφροσιν
 ἀλλ' ἐνδίκως μετροῦντες, ὡς πέδης τὸν νεών
 μόρφας ἔχουσι τούτους μέτρους οἱ κίονες,
 οὔτω δὲ ἀμοιβαίαισιν ἀλλαγαῖς σθένος
 χάριν τε λαμβάνουσιν, ὥστε, τοῦ δόμου
 ἐάνπερ ἐξαερθῆ τι, τηνίκα οἴχεται
 ἡ ξύλινη παντὸς εὐαρμοστία.

EX HORATII EPISTOLIS.

B. I. 10.

Urbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus
Ruris amatores, hac in re scilicet unâ
Multum dissimiles, ad cetera pâne gemelli,
Fraternis animis, quidquid negat alter, et alter ;
Annuimus pariter vetuli notique columbi.
Tu nidum servas, ego laudo ruris amoeni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
Quid quæris ? vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui,
Quæ vos ad cœlum effertis rumore secundo,
Utque sacerdotis fugitivus liba, recuso :
Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.
Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet,
Ponendæque domo quærenda est area primum,
Novistine locum potiorem rure beato ?
Est ubi plus tepeant hyemes ? ubi gratior aura
Leniat et rabiem Canis, et momenta Leonis,
Quum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum ?
Est ubi depellat somnos minus invida cura ?

EX HORATII EPISTOLIS.

B. I. 10.

Χαίρειν μὲν ἄστεως τὸν φιλοῦντ' ἀγροὺς φῆσθαι
 Φοῦσκον κελεύω τῷδε γοῦν πλεῖστον μόνῳ
 ἐναντίοι, τὰ δὲ ἄλλα πάντα σύζυγοι
 ὅντες γένεται, ταῦτ' ἀναινόμεσθά τε
 καὶ νεύομεν δὴ σύμμειοι περιστεραί.
 ἄλλοι δὲν σὺ μὲν σῆς ἀντέχει νεοσοίας,
 ἐγὼ δὲ δένδρων εὐσκίων λίθων τούτων
 λειχήνι χλωρῶν καὶ λάθους ἔειθρων θόρου.
 τοῦ δὴ; τυράννου κάρτα ταῦτ' εὐθὺς λαπάν
 ἀρχώ βίου πρόθυμος, ἃ σὺ πολλοῖς ἀεὶ^{αἴρεις} λόγοις, ἐγὼ δὲ, χώς μαστιγίας
 θυηπόλου τὰ πόπανα, πᾶς μυσάττομαι·
 ἄρτου πλακούντων μᾶλλον ἡδίστων χατῶ.
 ὄλλοι δὲ εἰ βιῶνται ξυμμέτρως σε δεῖ φύσει,
 γύναις καταῖς ἡσθενται καὶ δόρπῳ νέω,
 τίς ἐστ' ἀμένιων οὐδείας χώρας τόπος;
 ποῦ δὲ ἡμεροῦ χειμῶνας ἡπιωτέρα
 αὔρα, κυνός τε δεινὰ πραῦνει θέρη
 λέοντά τοι αὐγαῖς ἡλίου μεμηνότα
 θερμαῖσι; ποῦ δὲ χήραν ἐκεάλλουσ' ὑπνον
 ἡσσον μέριμναι; μὴ λιευστικῶν λίθων

Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?
 Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
 Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?
 Nempe inter varias nutritur silva columnas,
 Laudaturque domus, longos quæ prospicit agros.
 Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret,
 Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix.
 Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro
 Nescit Aquinatem potentia vellera fucum,
 Certins accipiet damnum; propiusve medullis,
 Quam qui non poterit vero distingnere falsum.
 Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,
 Mutatæ quaerent: si quid mirabere, pones
 Invitus: fuge magna: licet sub paupere tecto
 Reges et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.
 Cervus equum pugnâ melior communibus herbis
 Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
 Imploravit opes hominis, frenumque recepit:
 Sed postquam victor violens discessit ab hoste,
 Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore.
 Sic qui, pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
 Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus, atque
 Serviet æternum, quia parvo nesciet uti.
 Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
 Si pede major erit, subvertet; si minor, uret.

ὅτει τί πως κάκιον ή λάμπει χλόη;
 ή τῶν λαλούντων ναμάτων ἀγροῖς ἔν
 μόλυβδος οὐν πόλει γε καλλίους ἔχει
 δόσις; τὶ μὴν; μεταξὺ ποικίλων τρέφει
 ὥλην δασεῖαν κιόνων, οἶκους Ή' ἀμα
 χλόην ἄγραντον τηλόδειν θεωμένους
 ἀνιστάναι φίλετε· καὶ γὰρ, ἦν βίᾳ
 φύσιν παρώσησθ', ἐμπαλιν τριτῆς ἀτερ
 ἔχει, λαθραίως δὲ ἐκβαλεῖ νικῶσ' ἀσας.
 Βαρῆς δὲ Τυρίας ὅστις οὐκ ἐπίσταται
 Ἀκουνίαν γε διαφέρουσαν, οὗτος οὐ
 πλεῖστον κυρήσει ζημίας τοῦ μὴ εἰδότος
 τὸ Ψευδεῖς ὡς ἀπεστι τάληθοῦς ἀεί.
 Ή οἱ δὲ αὗτε λίαν ἕρεστ' εὐδαιμων πότμοις.
 ἀπών ἀνιψι τοῦτον οὐ τῶν πρόσθ' ἐκών
 ἀρχίσεται τις θαυμάτων· σοι δὲ οὖν λέγω,
 μέθεις τὸ λίαν, φῆ γάρ ἐστ' οἶκος πένης,
 Κοζησθαι τυράννων ὀλειωτέρᾳ τύχῃ
 ἔχεστι, χῶν τιμῶσιν. ἀλλ' ἵππον πάλαι
 ἀπήλαπτι αὔτην ἐλαφος ἐκ κοινοῦ πέδου,
 ἐώς περ ἀπορος νηλεοῦς ησσης ὑπο,
 εἴξας χαλινοῖς ἴσχυν ἀνθρώπου πάρα
 βοηθὸν ἀντεδέξατ· ἀλλ' ἕδη καλὴν
 νίκην κρατήσας οὐδὲ ἀπέβαλε δεσπότην
 οὐδὲ ἡνίας ἀπώλειστ· ὠσιάτως δόμον
 πένηθ' ὁ δειδων, οὐκ ἐλεύθερόν γ' ἔτι
 χρυσοῦ τὸ ἀμεινον παντὸς ὄψεται φάσις,
 τρέφονται δὲ δούλου δεσπότην ἀεὶ τάλας

Lætus sorte tuâ vives sapienter, Aristi :
Nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura
Cogere quam satis est, ac non cessare videbor.
Imperat, haud servit, collecta pecunia cuique,
Tortum digna sequi potius quam ducere funem.
Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ,
Excepto, quod non simul esses, cetera lætus.

φεῦ Βαστάσει γ', ᾧ σμικρὸς οὐκ ἀρκεῖ βίος.
 καίτοι τὰ χρήματ' ἔσθι τὸν κεκτημένον,
 ὅπως πέδιλον, ἢ ποδὸς μετίζον σφαλοῦν
 ἢ μεῖον ἐμπυρεῦσον· ἀλλ', ᾧ φίλτατε,
 σοφῶς βιώσει τὸν γε σὸν στέργων βίον·
 σὲ δ' αὐτὸν κολάζειν κάμε δεῖ, πλεῖον τύχης
 μογχθοῦντ' ἀπαύστῳ τῆς καθηκούσης πόνῳ.
 πάντων γὰρ ἀρχῶν πλοῦτος, οὐ δοῦλος γ' ἔφει,
 οὐχ οἶος ἐλκειν σχοῖνον, ἐλκεσθαι δ' ὅμως.
 ταῦτ' οὖν Βακούνης ἐγγὺς ἀρχαίου νεῷ
 γράψω, γεγηθὼς πάντα ποῦ δ' ἀποστεγείσ.

BYRON'S SARDANAPALUS.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

Sard.—She's firm. My fathers! whom I will rejoin,
It may be, purified by death from some
Of the gross stains of too material being,
I would not leave your ancient, first abode
To the defilement of usurping bondmen;
If I have not kept your inheritance
As ye bequeathed it, this bright part of it,
Your treasure, your abode, your sacred relics
Of arms and records, monuments and spoils,
In which *they* would have revelled, I bear with me
To you in that absorbing element,
Which most personifies the soul, as leaving
The least of matter unconsumed before
Its fiery workings:—and the light of this
Most royal of funereal pyres shall be,
Not a mere pillar formed of cloud and flame,
A beacon in the horizon for a day,
And then a mound of ashes, but a light
To lesson ages, rebel nations, and
Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench full many
A people's records and a hero's acts;

BYRON'S SARDANAPALUS.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

"Ηδ' ἐμπεδος κάρτ' ἔστιν. Οὓς δ' ἡὗω πάρα,
 ὦ θεοι πατρῶοι, Θανατίμων τελῶν ὑπό¹
 κακῶν τι τοῦδε σώματος μιασμάτων
 ἕσως καθαρίζεις, οὕποτε ἀν δόμους ἐχώ
 οὓς πρόσθεν ὑμεῖς ἔσχετε, ἐκδοίην ἐκών
 δούλων μολύναι τῇδ' ἀφεστώτων στάσει.
 εἰ δ' οὖν, ὅποιον κτῆμα πρῶτον ἡλθέ μοι,
 θησαυρὸν οἰκίαν τε καὶ τοῦ πρὸν κλέους
 μνήμην παλαιὰν ξὺν καλῇ σκῦλων θέᾳ
 ὅπλοισι θ' αὐτοῖς γενναίως, ἐφ' οὓς
 οὗτοι γ' ἐκαλλύναντε ἀν δυκηροῖς φεσθί,—
 εἰ μὴ τάδ' ἐξέσωσα λάμπρῳ ὑμῶν χάριν,
 ὅμως πρὸς ὑμᾶς παμφάγον ξὺν τοῖσδε ἀρῷ
 ἄρθροισιν εἰς πῦρ τοῦτο γάρ πλεῖστον βίφ
 νικῶν φλογωπῷ φθαρτά, τὴν ψυχῆς φύσιν
 σαφέστατ' ἐκδείνυσι, τῆσδε δ' ἐκβολον
 φέγγος πυρᾶς, (ἥς τίς ποτε' ἐμπρεπεστέρα
 πεσόντι βασιλεῖ;) φλοξὶν οὐ κεκλήσεται
 καπνῷ τε κίνη τούμμιγῆς, ὅστις πρόσσω
 ὡς πυρὸς ἡμερὸν μὲν αἰθέρος διά
 φλέξει βραχεῖαν εἶτα δ' εἰςαὶ σποδός.

Sweep empire after empire, like this first
Of empires, into nothing ; but even then
Shall spare this deed of mine and hold it up
A problem few dare imitate, and none
Despise—but, it may be, avoid the life
Which led to such a consummation.

οὐ δῆτα· κεῖνό γ' ἐν χρόνοις αἰωνίοις
 τοὺς μὲν τυχάνους δυσκλέει ζῶντας τρυφῇ
 σέλας διδάξει τοὺς δ' ἀρεστῶτας στρατούς.
 καὶ μὴν προσειώνων πᾶσαν ἀν μνήμην λεώ
 ἄνδρων τὸ εἴπαινον εὔκλεῶν χρόνος σούσαι,
 εἰς τὸ οὐδέν, οἷα τήνδε τὴν πρώτην ταῦθη,
 ἀρχὰς επ' ἀρχαῖς βασιλικὰς μίζειν ἄν,
 ὅμως δ' ἀθικτὸν καὶ τότε ἐκλιπὼν τόδε
 τόλμημα τοῖς ἔπειτα τούμῳ ἐκφανεῖ,
 ὃ γ' ἐν φύσεις ἔχουσι τολμήσουσι δ' οὖς,
 ἵσως δὲ μεντὸν εἰσαθρῆσαντες τὰ πρίν
 τοιοῦδ' ἀμύναιντες αἰτίας τέλους σοφοί.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

VOL. I. p. 17.

“ The sources of the noblest rivers which spread fertility over continents, and bear richly-laden fleets to the sea, are to be sought in wild and barren mountain-tracts, incorrectly laid down in maps, and rarely explored by travellers. To such a tract the history of our country during the thirteenth century may not inaptly be compared. Sterile and obscure as is that portion of our annals, it is there that we must seek for the origin of our freedom, our prosperity, and our glory. Then it was that the great English people was formed, that the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained, and that our fathers became emphatically islanders,—islanders not merely in geographical position, but in their politics, their feelings, and their manners. Then first appeared with distinctness that constitution, which has ever since, through all changes, preserved its identity: that constitution, of which all the other free constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK PROSE.

Τῶν καλλίστων ποταμῶν, τῶν εὐφέρους μὲν ποιούντων ἡπείρους, ναῦς δὲ πλουσίως γεμούσας εἰς Νάλασσαν ἀγόντων, ζητητέαι εἰσὶν αἱ πηγαὶ ἐν ὁρειναῖς χώραις, ἀνημέδοις τε οὖσαις καὶ στείραις, εἰς ᾧς ἐν καταγεμαζαῖς χώραις οὐκ ἀρρενῶς διωρισμένας σπανίως ἐπιφοιτῶσιν οἱ τὰς ὄδοις πορείας ποιούμενοι. Τῇ τοιαύτῃ χώρᾳ ἡ Ἀγγλικὴ ἔνυγγα-φή, οὐκ ἀν ἀπεικότως ἀπεικάζοιτο ἡ κατὰ τὴν τρίτην καὶ δεκάτην ἐκαπονταετηρίδα·—ἐν ἑκείνῳ γάρ χρόνῳ μορίῳ ἐρῆμῳ περ ὅντι καὶ ἀσαφεῖ ἐξεταστέον ἐστὶν ὁπόθεν ἐπὶ τοσόνδες ἡνέκηθμεν ἐλευθερίας καὶ ἐνπρεγγίας καὶ δόξης. Τότε γάρ τὸ μέγα ἔθνος ἐσχηματίζετο τὸ Ἀγγλικόν, καὶ τὰ τοῦ ἔθνους ἥθη ιδιάζουσαν ἡρχετο ἔχειν φύσιν, ἔτι καὶ τὸν ὑπάρχουσαν, καὶ οἱ πατέρες ἡμῶν ἐγένοντο ὡς ἀληθῶς οὐ μόνον κατὰ θέσιν νησιῶται, ἀλλὰ καὶ κατὰ πολιτείαν τε καὶ τρόπους καὶ ἔθη. Τότε καὶ σαφῆ τὴν κατάστασιν ἐλ.άμβανε τὰ κοινά, ἡ ἀπὸ τούτου πόλ.λων τῶν μεταξοδῶν οὖσῶν ἀεὶ ἡ αὐτὴ διαμεμένης· καὶ ταύτης τῆς πολιτείας αἱ μὲν τῶν ἀλ.λ.ων ἐλευθέρων χωρῶν μικρήσσεις εἰσὶν, αὐτὴ δὲ, καὶ περ ἐλλειπουσά τι, δόξαν ἔχειν ἀξία ἐστίν ὡς παντὶ μεγάλῳ δῆμῳ ὅια τέ ἐστιν ἀριστα ἔνυμφέρειν εἰς χρονίαν βεβαιότητα. Τότε πρῶτον ἔυηθλ.θεν ἡ τοῦ πλ.άθους βουλὴ, καθ' ὃ παράδειγμα κατέστησαν αἱ

archetype of all the representative assemblies which now meet, either in the old or in the new world, held its first sittings. Then it was that the common law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the imperial jurisprudence. Then it was that the courage of those sailors, who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports, first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then it was that the most ancient colleges which still exist at both the great national seats of learning were founded. Then was formed that language, less musical indeed than the languages of the south, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to that of Greece alone. Then, too, appeared the first faint dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England."

ὑπὲρ τοῦ πλήθους πράσσουσαι ἐκκλησίαι αἱ τε ἐν τῇ παλαιᾷ ἡπείρῳ καὶ ἐν τῇ νέᾳ. Τότε ἡ τῶν κοινῶν νόμων θέσις εἰς ἀξίωσιν ἔχθη, ἐν βραχεῖ
δὴ οὖσα οὐκ ἀναζίως ἀντίπαλος τῇ τῶν βασιλικῶν. Τότε οἱ τὰ φαῦλα
σκάφη πληρώσαντες τῶν πέντε λιμένων ναῦται ἀνδρεῖοι γενομένοι δεινὸν
ἐποίησαν ἐπὶ τῇ Θαλάσσῃ τὸ τῆς Ἀγγλίας παράσημον. Τότε ἐκτίσθη
μουσεῖū τὰ παλαιότατα τῶν ἐν ταῖς δύο κοινῆς παιδείαις πόλεσιν ἔτι
ὅντων. Τότε καθειστήκει ἡ νῦν γλῶσσα, ἡ τῆς τῶν πεδίς νότου χωρῶν
ἡσσον δὴ μελική ἐστιν, ἀλλὰ δυνάμει τε καὶ λόγων εὐπορίᾳ καὶ τῷ
εἶναι ἐπιτηδείαν εἰς πάσας τὰς χρείας ποιητῶν καὶ φιλοσόφων καὶ
ἔγτερῶν ὑστερίζει τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς μόνον. Τότε πρῶτον ἀμαυρῶς μὲν
ἐπεράνη δὲ ἡ ἐπίσημος γραμμάτων τάξις, ἡ πολλῶν οὖσῶν τῶν τῆς
Ἀγγλίας τιμῶν λαμπροτάτη δὴ ὑπάρχει καὶ μονιμωτάτη.

BYRON'S MANFRED.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Glorious orb ! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits, who can ne'er return.—
Most glorious orb, that wert a worship, 'ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed !
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladdened on their mountain tops the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
Them selves in orisons ! Thou material God,
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow ! Thou chief star !
Centre of many stars ! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays !
Sire of the seasons ! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them ! For near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,

BYRON'S MANFRED.

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK IAMBICS.

Ὡς τῶν ἐν οὐρανοῖσιν ἀστέρων πολὺ^τ
κάλλιστε, χαιρό, ὅγ, ήνίκ' ἦν νέα φύσις,
θείαισι τιμαῖς ἄνοσον ἀνθεώπων γένος
σέεον γέγηθεν οἵ δὲ τῶν ὑιῶν Θεοῦ
κοινῇ γυναικῶν τ' ἐκ καλῶν πεφυκότες,
αἱ διαφερούσῃ καλλόνῃ πεπληγμένους
οὔτως ἐκήλουν, ὥστε μήποτ' ἔμπαλιν
ἐξῆν ἀνελθεῖν οὐρανόν φρόδες ὅλοιον,
γίγαντες ἤσαν τῶν τότε ἀλκιμώτατοι
σέεας σὺ δὴ κατέλαβες ἀνθεώπων πάξα
οὔπω τι τὴν σὴν σιδότων ἀρχὴν ὅθεν
μεγάλου δὲ πρῶτος ἦσθ' ὑπηρέτης Θεοῦ,
τὸ χάριμα Χαλδαιοῖσι ποιμέσιν βαθύ,
ἄκρων, σέεουσί σ' ἐξ ὁρῶν, ἐς καρδίαν
κέων, ἐς εὐχάριστος τοῖς ἀναγκάσαι γέννιν.
ῷ Θεὸς ὁρατὸς ὡς μόνος Βροτοῖσι δούς
τοῦ γνῶτος εἴκασμός, ὃς σκίαν αὔτοῦ ποτε
σὴν ἔκτιστ' ἀκτῖν· ὡς δύναστείων μέγα
φώτων ἀπάντων καὶ κύκλῳ σαυτὸν πέρι
πολλοὺς ἐλίσσων ἀστέρας, βολαῖσι σαῖς
οἵ τῆςδε τῆς γῆς πάντα τἄγαθον ἔκτισας,
οἵσους δὲ ἐπειδεσ, πάντας ἡλιαῖς κροάν

Even as our outward aspects :—thou dost rise
And shine and set in glory. Fare thee well !
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look : thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone :
I follow.

φρένας θ' ὁμοίως. Καὶ σὺ τῶν ὥρῶν πατήσ,
 χθόνων τε πασῶν τῶν τοῦ ἐνοικούντων ἄναξ
 καλεῖται κράτιστος· ἄγχι σοῦ γὰρ ἡ μακρὰν,
 οἷον τό γέ τέλεω σῶμα, τὴν ἔσω φύσιν
 χρωτιζόμεσθ' ἐκαστος. Ὡς λαμπεῖται ἄγων
 αἴγλην ἀνίσχεις καὶ καθ' ἡμέραν δρόμον
 τρέχεις τελεῖς τοῦ ᾧ χαῖρε μοι τανῦν· σὲ γύρ
 οὐκ ὄφομαί ποτ' αὖθις, ὡς δὲ σοῦ "νεκα
 ἔρως με περῶτον θαῦμά θ' ἥρπασεν φρένας,
 οὔτω βλέπω σε λοίσθιόν γε· οὐδὲ ἔστιν ᾧ,
 βίον τε πλεῖτον χῶτι θερμαίνει φύσιν
 κεκτημένῳ πρὸς ὅλεθρον, ἀκτῖνάς ποτ' ἄν
 τὰς σὰς ἐφείης· ἀλλὰ γὰρ δέδυκέ μοι.

FINIS.

LYRA LATINA

OR

TRANSLATIONS INTO VARIOUS KINDS OF

LATIN VERSE

Edward R. Humphreys
BY
EDWARD R. HUMPHREYS, LL.D.

EDITOR OF HORACE; AUTHOR OF THE
“EXERCITATIONES IAMBICÆ,” &c.

EDINBURGH:
ROBERT SETON, NORTH BANK STREET,
LONDON: LONGMANS & COMPANY.

MDCCL.

TO

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, BART.

PROFESSOR OF METAPHYSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF EDINBURGH, &c.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I HAD hoped ere now to have inscribed the expression of my respect and esteem for you upon the page of a larger volume; but, as circumstances with which you are acquainted have caused me to postpone the publication of that work, I feel anxious to guard against other disappointments by offering you at once even this unassuming "brochure" of Translations, as a testimony no less of my warm gratitude for the friendship with which you have honoured me, than of my profound admiration for one, upon whose brow rests the double wreath awarded by the consenting voice of Britain, France, and Germany, attesting triumphs won alike in the field of Metaphysical Philosophy, and in that of Classic Erudition.

I am,

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

Very truly and respectfully yours,

E. R. HUMPHREYS.

LYRA LATINA

OR

TRANSLATIONS INTO LATIN VERSE.

DISENCHANTMENT.

BY DELTA.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE—NOV. 1849.)

ALTHOUGH from Adam stained with crime,
 A halo girds the path of time,
 As 'twere things humble with sublime,
 Divine with mortal blending,
 And that which is with that which seems,—
 Till blazoned o'er were Jacob's dreams
 With Heaven's angelic hosts, in streams
 Descending and ascending.

Ask of the clouds, why Eden's dyes
 Have vanished from the sunset skies ?
 Ask of the winds, why harmonies
 Now breathe not in their voices ?
 Ask of the Spring, why from the bloom
 Of lilies comes a less perfume ?
 And why the linnet 'mid the broom
 Less lustily rejoices ?

Silent are now the sylvan tents ;
 The elves to airy elements
 Resolved are gone : grim castled rents
 No more show demons gazing
 With evil eyes on wandering men ;
 And, where the dragon had his den
 Of fire within the haunted glen,
 Now herds unharmed are grazing.

DISENCHANTMENT.

TRANSLATED INTO THE METRE OF HORACE'S ODE I. 6.

"Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?"

Ex quo primus Adam se sceleri dedit,
 Aetas ingrediens quaæque per aureos
 Splendores superis temperat infera,
 Terrenumque sacro decus,
 Et verâ dubiam mentis imaginem :
 Dum tandem ætheriâ cœlicolæ domo
 Labentes gradibus somnia lucidis
 Jacobi innumeri beant.

Cur nunc non eadem gloria, quæ, novâ
 Jam tellure, dies occiduos tulit ?
 Cur non dulcisonâ voce per æthera
 Gratos aura ciet modos ?
 Cur et suave minus, Ver, tua lilia
 Delectant animum ? Cur minus acria
 Rusei flore super verna avis aureo
 Cantus gaudia suscitat ?

Divorum exiguum nunc abiit genus,
 Cordi queis fuerant frondiferi lares,
 Auræ par tenui : non oculis feris
 Ruptas per veterum arcium
 Rimas Tartarei jam lemures vagum
 Terrent ; perque nigros anguis et horridos
 Saltus ignivomi grama nunc virent ;
 Errantque intrepidi greges.

No more, as horror stirs the trees,
 The path-belated peasant sees
 Witches, adown the sleety breeze,
 To Lapland flats careering ;
 As on through storms the sea-kings sweep,
 No more the kraken huge, asleep,
 Looms like an island 'mid the deep,
 Rising and disappearing.

No more, reclined by Cona's streams,
 Before the seer, in waking dreams,
 The dim funereal pageant gleams,
 Futurity foreshowing ;
 No more, released from churchyard trance,
 Athwart blue midnight spectres glance,
 Or mingle in the bridal dance,
 To vanish ere cock-crowing.

Alas ! that Fancy's fount should cease ! —
 In rose-hues limned, the myths of Greece
 Have waned to dreams — the Colchian fleece,
 And labours of Alcides : —
 Nay, Homer, even thy mighty line —
 Thy living tale of Troy divine —
 The sceptic scholiast doubts if thine,
 Or Priam, or Pelides !

As silence listens to the lark,
 And orient beams disperse the dark,
 How sweet to roam abroad, and mark
 Their gold the fields adorning :

Non jam Lapponicum rusticus ad gelu,
 Quassas dum glaciem nimbus in arbores
 Urget, rite vehi devius aspicit
 Sagarum socias manus.

Non jam Craconia in gurgite bellua
 Aretoo recubans æquoreis metum
 Immittit ducibus, nunc nimio arduus
 Collo, nunc sub aquas ruens.

Nec Conas ad aquas dum vigil excubat
 Vates, ante oculos somnia prodeunt
 Pompæ funereæ, nuntia lugubri
 Venturæ augurio necis.

Nec ruptis tumuli compedibus volant
 Noctis per medium spectra silentium,
 Aut festæ sociant se choreæ, vigil
 Dum gallus revocet diem.

Heu ! cessant fluere ! heu ! mella poetica !
 Graiorum et roseis tineta leporibus
 Non distant levibus dulcia somniis
 Commenta. Herculeos toros
 Vellusque Æolium judicium abnegat
 Austerum critici : te quoque respuit,
 Magne O Maeonida ! quosque canis viros,
 Et regnum Priami vetus.

Plenâ ut captat avis voce silentium,
 Eoum et tenebras extenuans jubar
 Illustrat radiis puniceis agros,
 Suave est ire vago pede.

But, when we think of where are they,
 Whose bosoms like our own were gay
 While April gladdened life's young day,
 Joy takes the garb of mourning.

Warm-gushing through the heart come back
 The thoughts that brightened boyhood's track :
 And hopes, as 't were from midnight black,
 All star-like re-awaken ;
 Until we feel how, one by one,
 The faces of the loved are gone,
 And grieve for those left here alone,
 Not those who have been taken.

The past returns in all we see,
 The billowy cloud and branching tree ;
 In all we hear—the bird and bee
 Remind of pleasures cherish'd :
 When all is lost it loved the best,
 Oh ! pity on that vacant breast,
 Which would not rather be at rest,
 Than pine amid the perish'd !

A balmy eve ! The round, white moon
 Emparadises midmost June,
 Tune trills the nightingale on tune :—
 What magic, when a lover,
 To him, who now, gray-haired and lone,
 Bends o'er the sad sepulchral stone
 Of her, whose heart was once his own :
 Ah ! bright dream, briefly over !

At mens praeteritos quum revocans dies,
 Vitæ donec erat vernus honor, ciet
 Festivæ socios lætitiae, dolor
 Pellit gaudia lugubris :

Almâ quæ teneram luce puertiam
 Foverunt, animo sese iterum inferunt ;
 Ut stellæ e tenebris ætheriis micant,
 Sic spes regreditur prior :
 Dum caros alium post alium truci
 Raptos percipimus funere ; protinus
 Non tantum emeritos plangimus, at magis
 Quos vita a sociis tenet.

Quodcunque aspicitur, præteritum refert,
 Seu nubes gravidae, seu patulæ arbores :
 Immo, omnes sonitus aut avium aut apum
 Reddunt gaudia pristina.
 Quis tristem miseri non doleat vicem,
 Qui, quum mors adimit quicquid amabile est,
 Mortis non requiem valdius expetat,
 Quam mœrore premi pigro ?

Quum noctem lepidis deliciis lavat
 Æstivam orbe nitens Cynthia candido,
 Et cantus querulos lusciniæ ciet,
 Tunc se quam validâ libens
 Vinctum sensit amans compede ! Nunc senex
 Solusque et tremulus tempore, considet
 Dilectæ ad tumulum virginis, irrita
 Cordis somnia conquerens !

See, how from port the vessel glides,
 With streamered masts, o'er halcyon tides ;
 Its laggard course the sea-boy chides,

All loath that calms should bind him ;
 But distance only chains him more,
 With love-links, to his native shore,
 And sleep's best dream is to restore

The home he left behind him.

To sanguine youth's enraptured eye,
 Heaven has its reflex in the sky ;
 The winds themselves have melody,

Like harp some seraph sweepeth ;
 A silver decks the hawthorn bloom,
 A legend shrines the mossy tomb,
 And spirits throng the starry gloom,

Her reign when Midnight keepeth.

Silence o'erhangs the Delphic cave ;—
 Where strove the bravest of the brave,
 Nought met the wandering Byron, save

A lone, deserted barrow :
 And Fancy's iris waned away,
 When Wordsworth ventured to survey,
 Beneath the light of common day,

The dowie dens of Yarrow.

Little we dream, while life is new,
 And Nature fresh and fair to view,
 When throbs the heart to pleasure true,
 As if for nought it wanted,—

Tranquillas per aquas fulgida tæniis
E portu vehitur navis ; at increpat
Venti nauta moras impatiens pigri,

Et velum haud tumidum satis :
Verum, quo rapitur longius, acrior
Terræ crescit amor : Jam patrios agros
Et vidisse juvat tecta humilis casæ

In somnis bene redditæ.

Mente ardens calidâ semper amat puer
Cœlestes monitus fingere in æthere ;
Venti nam referunt dulce lyræ melos

Tactæ cœlicolûm choris :
Maii flos hilaris candidus enitet
Argento ; tumulos fabula consecrat ;
Et noctis tenebras sidereæ frequens
Transit cœlicolûm cohors.

Nunc et turpe tacent omnia Delphica ;
Qua pubes cecidit pro patriâ ferox,
Byroni ciumulus pulværeus vago

Dixit reliquias sacras :
Alter Jarroviae concava quesiit
Vates cum studio vallis : at, inclytas
Doctis quas cecinit Musa prior modis,
Fingerunt veneres cito.

Dum jam vita recens floret, et insciis
Arrident pueris omnia : dum snâ
Mens audax ope nos indociles rapit

In vitæ illecebras breves :

That, year by year, and ray by ray,
 Romance's sun-light dies away,
 And, long before the hair is gray,
 The heart is disenchanted !

“THE THREE CALLERS,”

By CHARLES SWAIN.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
 'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover-dew ;
 She calls, but he still thinks of nought save playing,
 And so she smiles and waves him an adieu !
 Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
 Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no more !

NOON cometh : but the boy, to manhood grown,
 Heeds not the time —he sees but one sweet form,
 One fair, young face from bower of jasmine glowing,
 And all his loving heart with bliss is warm !
 So Noon unnoticed seeks the western shore,
 And man forgets that Noon returns no more !

NIGHT tappeth gently at a easement gleaming
 With the thin fire-light, flickering faint and low,
 By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
 O'er pleasures gone, as all Life's pleasures go.
 Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door
 Silent and dark—and he returns no more !

Non pulchram speciem, quam sibi mens facit,
 Sensim posse mori credimus : at prius
 Heu ! vinclum magicum distrahitur, viam
 Quām vitæ medianam advenit.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ALCAICS.

“Quicquid adest, transit ; quod manet, ecce venit!”
 DAMIANI EPITAPH.

LUDO jocoso captus in aureis
 Securus agris errat et inscius
 Infans futurorum : atque amœna
 Floribus ah ! nimis occupatum
 AURORA frustra blanditiis ciet :
 Sic molle ridens haud redditura abit.
 Incautus et labentis horæ
 En ! juvenis monitus diei
 Non curat almos jam mediae ; nemus,
 Pulchrâ puellæ ductus imagine
 Unius, atque umbras odoro
 Flore petit gravidas, recessum
 Divæ monentis non revocabilem
 Oblitus. Eheu ! corpore quum senex
 Canusque curvato tremiscit
 Ad cineres morientis ignis,
 Lapsæque versat tristia somnia
 Vitæ : fenestras lene movens, malis
 Nox evocat diris volentem :
 Non iterum venit ipse demum.

THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,

CANTO II., STANZA 57.

But what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
 When sickens health, and spirits go amiss ?
 How tasteless then whatever can be given !
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
 Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss ;
 While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
 Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

O ! who can speak the vigorous joys of health ?
 Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind :
 The morning rises gay ; with pleasing stealth,
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find :
 See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind ;
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds ;
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce
 breeds ?

But here, instead, is fostered every ill
 Which or distempered minds or bodies know.
 Come then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill
 Your talents here. This place is but a show,
 Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.

THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN HEXAMETERS.

QUID prosunt ægris, quum corpus percipit omne
 Morbus edax mentemque, Dei largissima dona,
 Quæ potius vexant? Sano nam corpore solùm
 Ipse boni capitur sensus membrisque vigore
 Tentatis agili. Lethalis vortice pestis
 Mergitur, ignavo qui corpore (discite causam !)
 Per vitam repit: sed quem ludove virili
 Fecerit aut operi consuetum strenuus usus,
 Is purâ potitur mente et per libera sanguis
 Membra meat fervens. At gaudia dicere vere
 Omnia quis possit, queis sanum robur abundet?
 Claram nil mentem, nil laetos prægravat artus:
 Lucifer his lucem referens furtivus amoënam
 Fert et laetitiam, curisque serena remotis
 Vespera finitur. Sic et perfundit alaci
 Muta voluptatis sensu pecora hora salubris,
 Ut, simul ac Maius vernas revocaverit auras
 Florifer, exultim nimio per prata ruentes
 Luxurient saltu. Quonam hæc lascivia tanta,
 Firma valetudo si non penetraverit artus?
 Hic tamen, O miseri, nutrit locus omnia dira,
 Quot morbo corpus cruciant mentemque maligno.
 Exitione igitur tam feuda ignavia mentem
 Corrumpit tardo? Cito, amici, surgite: vos hic
 Falsa voluptatis species, mox subdola longos
 Ruptura in gemitus, fallit; me, me duce tutâ,

Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow
Sincere as sweet: come, follow this good knight,
And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
To senates some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,
The world is poised, and managed mighty states;
To high discovery some, that new-creates
The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
Some to the rural reign and softer fates:
To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart:
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

Quâ florent sine sente rosæ, qua nullus in herbâ
Delitet anguis, erit via vobis. Gaudia veræ
Pura voluptatis jam nunc captate, bonoque
Huic Equiti parete duci : sic semper et olim
Jam faustum adventum læto memorabis ore.
Regibus hi coram stabunt, hi nobile fortæ
Imperium accipient belli, magnive senatus :
Hos, ubi communi graviter de nocte saluti
Consulitur mediâ, pacesque et bella potentis
Panguntur populi, et regnorum legibus alta
Res agitur, dux ille feret : sub sole remoto
Ignatas alii terras mercisve lucrosæ
Audacest pretium quærunt ; vel in otia ruris
Indueet quosdam fugientes aspera vitæ ;
Neenon ad doctas artes Musasque canoras,
Quos fovet ingenium sapiens, extolleat. Eamus ;
Omnis erit vobis naturæ gloria et artis !

“ THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.”

B Y R O N.

THERE's not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past !

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness,
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess ;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down ;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountains of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest ;

“THERE’S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.”

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ALCAICS.

AUFERT iniquum gaudia tempus, et
 Non dat vieissim. Torpida ut irruunt
 Primo juventutis calor
 Frigora, non rosei genarum

 Cedunt rubores, sed prius irrita
 Promissa cordis florea decidunt,
 Matura quam marcescit ætas.
 Naufraga sic duce mens remoto

 In cæca culpæ labitur, aut marc
 Delata in altum jam minor asperis
 Libidinum luctatur undis :
 Scilicet ipsa et acus procellæ

 Infida cessit, ceu laceris solum
 Fortasse velis longius indicat.
 Tunc languor irrepit per ima,
 Mortis uti nebulæ tenaces,

 Præcordia ; exinde alterius vicem
 Plorare acerbam non datur aut suos
 Versare mœrores ; nec ortu
 Jam saliunt laerymæ e gelato ;

 Claro relucet nil oculo nisi
 Concreta roris stilla. Jocus lieet
 Salsique verborum lepores
 Contineant mediae inquietos

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey
beneath.

O ! could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanished
scene ;—
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,
So 'midst the withered waste of life, those tears would
flow to me !

Noctis dolores, intus adhuc viget
Vulnus latescens, turris uti tegunt
 Nutantis antiquos hiatus
 Sæpe hederæ virides tuenti
Tritoque subter stipite pallidæ.
O ! si rediret pristinus ille nunc
 Sensus, diesque almos liceret
 Præteritæ revocare vitæ,
Et lapsâ, ut olim, gaudia lacrymâ
Deflere, arenis sicut in aridis
 Visa unda, sic tabente vitâ
 Efflueret lacryma illa dulcis.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS,

CANTO II., STANZA 28.

WITHIN the place of thousand tombs,
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad, but living cypress glooms,
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief,
Like early, unrequited love ;—
One spot exists, which ever blooms,
E'en in that deadly grove—
A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale :
It looks, as painted by Despair—
So white, so faint,—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high :
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands, more rude than wintry sky,
May wring it from the stem—In vain !
To-morrow sees it bloom again !
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears :
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower ;
Nor droops, though Spring refuse her shower,
Nor woos the Summer beam :

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

TRANSLATED INTO ELEGIACS.

EST locus, incingunt ubi mille micantia busta
 Cupressi ; circum lugubris unda meat :
 Nulla perit, sed, uti non mutua flamma puella,
 Æterni vivens signa doloris habet.
 Hic tamen insignis semper pars floribus una est,
 Cognita pallenti mitis honore rosæ.
 Tristiter alba caput demissum et languida fleetit ;
 Hanc desperantem spem posuisse putas.
 Auris et levibus facilis coma praeda videtur,
 Et frustra rapidi turbinis ira ferit ;
 Et licet hanc carpat manus æthere saevior acri,
 Crastina lux ambit pallidam, ut ante, rosam :
 Hellespontiacis tu fidens crede puellis ;
 Florem, sic perhibent, abdita nympha fovet.
 Nonne quidem ille viget lacrymis cœlestibus altus,
 Quem lædit trucibus nulla procella minis ?
 Qui non hospitio tectus, mala frigora ridet ?
 Sole nec æstivo roreque veris eget ?
 Circum nocte volans totâ, celataque visu,
 Semper mira ciet flebile carmen avis :
 Quæ velut Elysiae lyra pollice virginis icta,
 Mentem dulciseno protenus ore rapit.
 Tam molles, tacitæ quum nocti mœsta querelas
 Impertit, numeros non Philomela sonat.
 In tumulis cantu fixus remorere potenti,
 Et plores, quasi te vexet inanis amor.

To it the livelong night there sings
 A bird unseen, but not remote :
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings
 His long entrancing note !
It were the Bulbul, but his throat,
 Though mournful, pours not such a strain :
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve,
 As if they loved in vain !
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
 He sings so wild and well !
But when the day-blush bursts from high,
Expires that magic melody,
And some have been, who could believe
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame),
That note so piercing and profound
Will shape and syllable its sound
 Into Zuleika's name !

Deliciae ire vetent; illis tam blanda voluptas
Delitet in lacrymis, omnis abestque metus.
Omnibus invitis lux matutina rubescit,
Queis arguta animos illa querela tenet.
Nam simul ac radios per cœlum Lucifer edit,
Vi magicum moritur deficiente melos.
Si qua fides dubiis,—juvenum quæ somnia mentes
Decipiunt, male nos increpuisse decet—
Sæpe notans Sulicæ vero discrimine nomen
Misericordia vox queribunda modis.

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER.

By MRS. HEMANS.

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride !
The youth went down to a hero's grave
With the sword his bride !

He went with his noble heart unworn,
And pure and high :
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn
Only to die.

He went with his lyre, whose lofty tone
Beneath his hand
Had thrilled to the name of his God alone,
And his Fatherland !

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet-lays
To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after-days,
Like a watch-fire's light :

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER.

TRANSLATED INTO SAPPHICS.

NUNC viri fortis juvenisque sortem,
 Qui tenax ensis, quasi amans, timendum,
 Mortis intravit thalamum, superbo
 More canamus !

Integer cordis gravidusque flammâ
 Occidit cœlesti, aquilæque ritu
 Inferas, tantum rapiente fato,
 Quæsiit oras.

Abstulit dulces citharæ camœnas,
 Quas Dei solùm patriæque laudem
 In sacram terræ moderari amavit
 Pollice docto.

Occidit primâ calidus juventâ,
 Dum recens virtus animi vigescit :
 Qualis Australi glaciem sub axe
 Non timet annis :

Ille adhue, tanquam tuba clara, cantu
 Prælium turmæ revocat fugacis :
 Posteros et, eeu vigil ignis alto
 Monte refulgens,

And a grief in his father's soul to rest
'Midst all high thought ;
And a memory unto his mother's breast
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright
In life and death !

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride !
For him, that went to a hero's grave
With the sword his bride !

Ad fidem ducet. Sita morte virtus
Vulnerat pectus patris atque matris :
At decus semper memorabile acrem
Mitigat ictum.

Non tuam famam temerabit unquam
Aura mortalum levis, usque pulchrâ
Sive per vitam tenebrisve in Orci
Luce micantem.

Sic viri fortis juvenisque sortem,
Qui tenax ensis, quasi amans, timendum
Mortis intravit thalamum, superbo
More canamus !

“ I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.”

BY R. H. THATCHER.

EARTH is the spirit's rayless cell ;
But then as a bird soars home to the shade
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
 In bonds no more to dwell :

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done,
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,
 And the soft, fresh gale of Spring !—

O ! not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the “ hoary head,”
 When it enters the vale of years.—

Nor dearer 'mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
 To him that weeps for home.—

Wings, like a dove, to fly !
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife—
O ! for its home in the upper life !
 When, when will Death draw nigh ?

“I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.”

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ALCAICS.

Motto.

“ Ad perennis vitæ fontem mens sitivit avida,
 Clastra carnis præsto frangi clausa quærerit anima :
 Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur exul frui patria.”

DAMIANI.

HIC in tenebris mens latet abdita :
 Ast, ut soluto carcere lætior
 Festinat ad nidos volucris
 Arboreos viridemque silvam ;

Sic ipsa fessis functa laboribus
 Cœli volatu concava libero
 Diffindet, aura gestientis
 Instar avis radioque verno.

Illacrymantis non violam Hesperi
 Ros curvat almus pulchrius aspici,
 Collecta quam annorum pruina
 Tempora jam senioris ornat :

Non aura flenti litoris afferens
 Longinqui odores spirat amœnior,
 Quum tecta suspirat laremque,
 Per rabiem fremitusque ponti.

O ! si columbæ more levis volem !
 Mens lassa curis solvitur anxiis,
 Vitamque suspirat beatam :
 Cur mihi, Mors, dubitas venire ?

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST,

BOOK III., LINE 227.

The Son's Reply.

FATHER, thy word is passed : Man shall find grace ;
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprepared, unimplored, unsought ?
Happy for man so coming—he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone hath none to bring.
Behold me then—me for him—life for life
I offer—on *me* let thine anger fall !
Account me man—I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well-pleased : On me let Death wreak all his rage ;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquished ; Thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by Thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die ; yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell :
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST,

BOOK III., LINE 227.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN HEXAMETERS.

DIXISTI, Genitor, tua fiet sacra voluntas.
 Quis dubitet, quin ipsa viam sibi gratia sumat,
 Præpete quæ cursu divini nuntia jussi
 Non precibus quæsita nec ullo limite ad omnes
 Circumscripta ferat veniam et solatia grata?
 O homines fortunati! qui lege supremi
 Regis non ullum violata quærere possent
 Auxilium, aut pretio culpam pænâve piare:
 Jam diro sceleris (miseri!) sunt vortice mersi.
 At me, me tibi nunc hominum vice mente libenti
 Objicio justum promptus sufferre furorem;
 Hinc, illos miserans, cœloque et honore secundo
 Et fulgore tuo cedens, mortalis amictum
 Assumam lætus carnis mortemque subibo:
 In me Mors iras simul omnes fundat acerba!
 Sed mortis, mihi enim semen mortale dedisti,
 Non longum in tempus tristi ditione tenebor.
 Per Te vivo euidem. Nunc omnia debita pendens
 Addico corpus morti mortale potenti;
 Post tamen, immunem peccati labe nefandi
 Tartareo antè animum disrupto carcere solves,
 Quam tabes mollem corrumpat putrida carnem;
 Ut clarum de morte prius vincente triumphum
 Victor agam, falsæque levem præconia prædæ.

My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil :
Death his death-wound shall then receive and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave :
Then with the multitude of my redeemed
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconciliation ; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in Thy presence joy entire !

Imperium vero subversum multa gementem
Et stimulo evulso dejectam vulnere mortem
Mortifero feriam ; et vectus sublime per auras
Invitos Erebi reges vinctosque catenis
Ordine captivo ducam, quo motus honore
Me læto aspicies vultu. Dein hostibus atro
Omnibus interitu demissis Tartara mortis
Corpore devictæ saturabo, et in ætheris arces
Tempore post multo longâ comitante catervæ
Exitio ereptæ pompâ cum laudibus altis
Incedam rediens. Tunc, iræ nube fugatâ,
Cœlicolas facies tua pace et amore refulgens
Efficiet lætos : furor ævum cedet in omne ;
Nec minuet quicquam purissima gaudia cœli.

“NO MORE.”

LINES COPIED FROM A NEWSPAPER, 1849.

“No more!” O! what unuttered grief
 Dwells in those chill, prophetic words!
 The tomb of every warm belief,
 They strike upon the heart’s deep chords
 Like the faint warning of a dream—
 The shadows from some mystic shore,
 Where jewels flash—where roses gleam—
 We hear the wailing tones—“No more!”

“No more!” The summer founts may throw
 Their music on the air;
 The sunset lend its opal glow
 To skies that seemed before so fair!
 And such a flood of liquid light
 May rest on mount, and sea, and shore,
 As bathed old Ida’s classic height—
 Yet some low voice shall say—“No more!”

“No more!” Throughout the boundless earth
 They blend with Hope’s fallacious dream:
 They echo through the haunts of mirth,
 A whisper of the past they seem:
 Who hath not heard, ’mid light and song,
 ’Mid pageantry, and pride, and power,
 Those spirit-voices round him throng,
 That mock the glitt’ring festal hour?

“NO MORE.”

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ELEGIACS.

QUUM vox auditur “Finis,” præsagus acerbi
 Spargitur inde mali per mea corda dolor :
 Jam tum spes unâ sepelit mens fervida cunetas ;
 Ima icti cordis debile fila sonant.
 Ignotis umbræ rupisse videntur ab oris,
 Quâ gemmæ splendent usque micantque rosæ ;
 Aut tanquam admonitus in somnis lene susurrant,
 Sic mæstos referunt talia verba sonos !

Ah ! licet argenteos æstate ardente sonores
 Lætior e gelidis fontibus aura vehat ;
 Ah ! licet et Phœbus sedes devexus ad imas
 In medio fessos murice pellat equos :
 Quæque olim tinxit memoratam vatibus Idam,
 Illa iterum blande lux juga cuneta lavet,
 Suaviter et fluctus per summos ludat et oras—
 Vox tamen his dicet languida “Finis adest !”

Quæ spes cunque sibi fallax insomnia fingit,
 His vox tetra sonos miscuit illa suos :
 Quâ jocus auditur lætus cantusque, pererrat—
 Præteritos erendas hanc revocare dies.
 Quâ eitharæ vigilesque faces genialia ducunt
 Festa, nitentque opibus tecta superba suis,
 Voces tam diras sibi quis non finxit adesse,
 Ridentes hilaris gaudia blanda domûs ?

The heart is but a wasting mine—
 An altar for some idol kept,
 Till o'er the desecrated shrine
 The storm-gust hath too rudely swept !
 A pedestal too wildly placed,
 Flooded by every passing wave—
 Recording vows so soon effaced—
 A temple reared upon the grave !

The pest-worm feeds upon the rose,
 The violet bears no deathless bloom :
 What tints our morning skies disclose !
 What darkness lingers round the tomb !
 What memories of buried love—
 What earnest tones forever fled—
 What yearnings for the world above—
 What lonely vigils with the dead !

Our dead ! Can such a voice arise
 In rebel-grief upon the air ?
 The hosts that fill th' eternal skies,
 What can *they* know of wo or care ?
Our dead ! O ! who shall say “ *our* dead ? ” —
 Released from this dark charnel-shore,
 Hath not th' immortal spirit fled
 To live, when time shall be *no more* ?

Nil aliud, mihi crede, cor est, nisi marcida gaza :
 Est tanquam falsis ara sacrata Deis ;
 Cui, quamvis sacra sit, non parcit tangere tempus,
 Cumque gravi nimbo vecta ruina venit.
 Fluctibus in mediis temere est quasi fixa columna,
 Omnis quam vastis transilit unda minis :
 Illuc votorum sculpuntur nomina frustra :
 Templum quis strueret, mors ubi avara latet ?

Sæpe fit erucis rosa præda voracibus atra :
 Fragrantis violæ pallida forma cadit ;
 Quam varios dicit suavesque Aurora colores !
 Fœdas quam tenebras mors odiosa gerit !
 Morte quis abreptos sævâ non plorat amores ?
 Et tot amicorum perdita verba dolet ?
 Discimus hinc cœli bona suspirare beati ;
 Hinc vigilare juvat, cara ubi forma sita est.

Ast ita cur querimur ? Cur vox funesta supernas
 In sedes misero missa dolore volat ?
 Nam quæ turba frequens cœlestes transiit oras,
 Horum animos unquam cura dolorve premit ?
 Hanc quoque cur nostram volumus ? Vox impia desit !
 Mens procul ad proprias viva volavit opes :
 Ex hominum properat communi læta sepulcro ;
 Nec, quum desierint tempora, morte cadet !

SONG BY BURNS.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet ;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made *thee* mine !

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live !

When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part :
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart !—

SONG BY BURNS.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN ALCAICS.

NUNC primi amoris corda redux mea
 O ! ter beatiss deliciis dies
 Incendit, atrox tunc procellis,
 Vere tamen potior sereno.

Præstare possunt quid melius mihi
 Naves onustæ mercibus Indicis ?
 Quid purpura, aut regum coronæ ?
 Te propriam mihi Dî dederunt !

Dum lucis almæ et noctis eunt vices,
 Leposque vitæ permanet integer ;
 Dum spe boni cœlestis ardet
 Intima mens,—Tibi, amata, vivo !

Quum nostri amoris ferrea copulam
 Lenita nullâ mors prece distrahet,
 Tunc cuncta vanescet voluptas,
 Corque meum lacerum interibit !

“ IF I WERE A VOICE.”

COPIED FROM A NEWSPAPER.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,

That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,

And tell them to be true !

I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea,

Wherever a human heart might be,

Telling a tale or singing a song,

In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,

I'd fly on the wings of air,

The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,

And calm and truthful words I'd speak,

To save them from despair :

I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,

And drop, like the happy sunlight, down

Into the hearts of suffering men,

And teach them to look up again !

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,

I'd travel with the wind,

And whenever I saw the nation torn

By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,

Or hatred of their kind—

“ IF I WERE A VOICE.”

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN SAPPHICS.

SINT mihi vires utinam potentis
 Voeis, ut cursu celeri per orbem
 Pervolem solis jubeamque cunctos
 Quærere verum !

Per mare et terras, ubiunque genti
 Incidam humanæ, juvet ire, facta
 Rite laudantem bona, linguâ et acri
 Prava vetantem.

Tum cito pernix velut aura cursu
 Deferar tristes ubi sint malique,
 Dulce lenimen memorans laborum
 Spesque futuras.

Quâ coaretatum scelus atque egestas
 Delitent, solis jubar ut beatum,
 Decidens lapsos iterum docebo
 Suspicere astra.

Arma quum cives videam moventes
 Impios, linguæve malis citatos
 Invidæ vectosque odium in cruentum,
 Nitar in altos

I would fly, I would fly on the thunder-crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash ;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood !

If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
I'd seek the kings of earth ;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right—
Lessons of priceless worth.
I would fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat—
Unknown to the courtiers at their feet.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear,
And whenever they shouted “ Liberty ! ”
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice,
If I were a voice, an immortal voice !

Nubium tractus tonitruque diro
 Desuper cæci colibens furores
 Pectoris cogam in sacra Christiani
 Vincula amoris !

Noctis amplexos vacuae quietem
 Lenibus reges adiens susurris,
 Regulas vitæ doceam probas, et
 Aurea verba.

Ocyor pennâ rapidâ volueris,
 Ante non audita feram per auras,
 Regius quæ non comitatus audit,
 Semper at ætas

Dicit.—O si vox mihi sit perennis,
 Liberam indignis populo petenti
 Vocibus vitam, sua verba falsa
 Omnia nudem !

Omnis errores populi improbosque
 Detegam mores, ubique lata
 Tenditur tellus, resecans scelestā, et
 Gaudia firmans !

PASSAGE FROM YOUNG,

BOOK II.

O THOU ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
 Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
 Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
 That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;
 Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
 And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

Ah ! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 To scatter wide, or bury in the deep :
 Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
 And wholly dedicate my soul to thee !
 Reign o'er my will ; my passions ebb and flow
 At thy command, nor human motive know !
 If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 And sin the graceful iudignation raise.
 My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
 And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
 Oh may my understanding ever read
 This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made !
 Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride ?
 Who calls forth summer like a sparkling bride ?
 Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown ?
 And bids old Winter lay her honours down ?
 Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
 Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
 May sea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
 To bring the eternal Author to my mind !

PASSAGE FROM YOUNG, Book II.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN HEXAMETERS.

O Tu montanæ certâ qui pondera molis
 Definis trutinâ, forti pelagique furentes
 Arbitrio compescis aquas, fluctusque voracem
 In flamman versos, tempestatumque sonoras
 Indutos vires facili ditione gubernas ;
 Me miserum, quo non pejorem continet orbis,
 Me prostratum audi, totis membrisque trementem,
 Immensoque tuæ bonitatis munere fretum !

O trade annorum ventis delicta priorum
 Omnia, quæ late spargant, undisve profundis
 Æternum mersent ; O da mihi, Te nisi magnum,
 Meque videre nihil, cultuque addicere totam
 Mentem animumque tuo : frænis mihi finge vagantem
 Usque voluntatem strictis ; nutumque verenti
 Unius fervore tuum moresque peroso
 Humanos mihi sit, placidamque resumere pacem.
 O justæ positis sine cedam questibus iræ,
 Et sibi condignos sumant peccata rubores !
 Hoc erat in votis, opibus curâque benignâ
 Solari miseros, quasque infortunia cogant,
 Solvere sævitias ; digitisque volumina sacris
 Scripta tuis cupio purâ comprehendere mente.
 Virgineo texit quis veri florea serta ?
 Quis lepidas nuptæ veneres æstatis amori
 Fundit, et autumno maternos apparat auctus ?
 Aut hyemem posito marcescere jussit honore ?

When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul !
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine !

Through ev'ry scene of life, or peace or war,
Plenty or want, thy glory be my care !
Shine we in arms ? or sing beneath our vine ?
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine :
Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow,
The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow ;
'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,
And giv'st great ANNE thy sceptre o'er the North.

Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day ;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And, with the morning sun, ascend the skies ;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love ;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.

Non ferus hoc potuit Turcus, Russive tyrannus
 Amplior imperii, nec quæ nunc arma volenti
 Arbitrio pacemve Europæ destinat almam.

At, ne dira meam capiant oblia mentem
 Numinis æterni, cum terrâ fœdera pontus
 Aspera conjungens, supero simul æthere tellus,
 Undarumve minis motarum, altoe fragore
 Fulminis, incutiat mihi dextræ vindicis atros
 Terrores ! Evidem, donec terrasque virentes
 Sidereique chori decus aspectare licebit,
 Divinum instituam mea Numen corda vereri.

Semper et accingar, pacem sive horrida bella,
 Annonamve dabis tenuem messesve secundas,
 Splendores celebrare tuos. Tu, maxime, solus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est arcûs celerisque sagittæ,
 Gaudia victorum das nobis : Tuque sub umbrâ
 Pampineâ (languescit enim te pulsa jubente
 Vinea purpureisve viget decorata racemis)
 Efficis, ut festo fallamus tempora cantu.
 Te solo arma decus retulerunt auspice nostra,
 Imperiumque potens arctorum sustinet ANNA.

Ac mihi, sole recens orto lætoque profundum
 Scandere in ætherium, simul ortam surgere mentem
 Instrue, ut Auroræ sanctis nova lumina semper
 Inducam precibus, te dicens laude canorâ,
 Cum sole usque mei crescant crescente labores,
 Dum tandem in purum toti vertantur amorem ;
 Neve tamen sera hunc tam sacrum vespera cultum
 Comprimat, immensum quin progrediatur in orbem.

THE WATER LILY.

BURDEN'D with a cureless sorrow,
Came I to the river deep,
Weary, hopeless of the morrow,
Seeking but a place to weep ;
Sparkling onwards, full of gladness,
Each sun-crested wavelet flew,
Mocking my deep-hearted sadness,
Till I sicken'd at the view.
Then I left the sunshine golden
For the gloomy willow-shade,
Desolate and un beholden,
There my fainting limbs I laid.
And I saw a Water-Lily
Resting on its trembling bed,
On the drifting waters chilly,
With its petals white outspread.
Pillow'd there it lay securely,
Moving with the moving wave,
Up to heaven gazing purely
From the river's gloomy grave.
As I look'd, a burst of glory
Fell upon the snowy flower,
And the lesson'd allegory
Learn'd I in that blessed hour :—

E LILIO FLUVIABILI PATIENTIA DISCITUR.

Mæstitia fluvium petii dejectus acerbâ,
 Spe quærens fletûs deficiente locum ;
 Aspexi latices pleno fulgore fluentes :
 Solis ridebant luce micantis aquæ.
 At misero lætæ mihi sunt illudere visæ,
 Dum mentem abstulerunt tædia amara meam.*
 Permuto salicum vitato sole latebras
 Et solus jaceo membra profusus humi ;
 Hic per aquæ gelidam dispansis floribus undam
 Quæsierant tremulos Lilia cana toros.
 Illa sopor, moto quanquam mota ipsa fluento,
 Obtinet irruptus : nec metus ullus adest :
 Riparum quasi funestâ caligine cinctus
 Vertitur ad cœli lumina quisque calix.
 En ! subito flores cœlesti luce refulgent,
 Et gravia ediderunt tum documenta mihi.
 Per fluctus, dixi, vitæ gelidasque procellas
 Sic divina animum pervehit usque Fides :
 Hæc, quamvis tumeant horrendis æstibus undæ
 Et tenebræ constent undique, recta manet :
 Fluctibus acta ratis tamen hand immergitur unquam ;
 Exoriturque animus purior inde salo.

* Cf. Virg. Ecl.,—“ ut me malus abstulit error.”

Thus does Faith divine, indwelling,
Bear the soul o'er life's cold stream,
Though the gloomy billows swelling,
Evermore still darker seem.
Yet the treasure never sinketh,
Though the waves around it roll,
And the moisture that it drinketh,
Nurtures, purifies the soul.
Thus, aye looking up to Heaven,
Should the white and calm soul be,
Gladden in the sunshine given,
Nor from the clouds shrink fearfully.
So I turn'd, my weak heart strengthened,
Patiently to bear my woe ;
Praying, as the sorrow lengthened,
My endurance too might grow.
And my earnest heart beseeching,
Charm'd away the sense of pain ;
So the Lily's silent teaching
Was not given to me in vain.

Lilia sic placidas imitari candida mentes
Et cœli cum spe surgere ad astra decte :
Sic lætæ cœlo debent gaudere sereno :
Nec timido sævum corde pavere mare ;
Hinc mihi ceperunt firmum præcordia robur,
Et patiens didici ferre doloris onus ;
Oravique Deum tandem ut patientia questu
Auctus deposito ferret adaucta mali.
Ecce ! preces sensum mihi surripiere doloris,
Exemplum tacitus flos nec inane dedit.

CHORUS IN THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES,

LINE 100 TO 153.

TURNED INTO LATIN ALCAICS. *

O semper almâ luce micans jubar,
 Quam, quam beato lumine tunc diem
 Thebis adornasti vetustis,
 Quum, speculo radians aquoso

Dirces, repulsum præcipiti fugâ
 Vertisti ad arces Argolicas ducem,
 Qui nuper armis totus ardens
 Et clypeo aspiciendus albo

Urbem insolentes ausit in hanc minas.
 Hac arte fretus filius Οdipi,
 Et jure conficto superbus,
 More aquilæ super alta terræ

Alâ nivosâ vectus in æthera
 Circum volavit, culmina turrium
 Telisque et horrendis catervis
 Æqua solo cito se (nefandum !)

* Note.—In translating this Chorus, I have adopted throughout the commonly received views of readings and translations, in opposition to my own, which coincide, in the main, with those given by Dr. Donaldson in his edition of the Antigone.

Stridens daturum. Sanguinis ah ! siti
 Cognati adactus, lumine mœnium
 Perlegit infixo coronam,
 Perniciem meditans et ignes.

Sie dira circum Mars strepuit, modos
 Pugnae draconi terribiles parans
 Thebano : at ex altis Deorum
 Sedibus inspiciens loquelas

Linguæ superbas Jupiter impiæ
 Irrisit, amnemque agminis aureum
 Exosus Argivi, furoris
 Spicula fulminei profudit.

Jam transeuntem culmina mœnium
 Excelsa et insano impete fervidum,
 Vocesque victrices cidentem
 Fulmen humum Capanea in altam

Flammâ retorsit vindice, et irritos
 Intemperatæ mentis in exitus
 Dejicit ardore. Tremendo,
 At vario cecidere Marte

Omnes, superbis qui decori duces
 Argis fuerunt. Namque Jovi suas
 Septem viri nostro fugaces
 Tradiderunt domiti catervas,

Portâ locatus quisque suâ, viri
Commissus æquis viribus unius.

Sed triste par, uno parente
Progeniti, exitium nefandis

Hastis tulerunt alter in alterum,
Ambosque in Orcum sors eadem rapit.

Thebis at O ! victricia arma
Lætitiam retulere gratam :

Ergo juvet nunc pellere bellicos
Longe timores, atque hilari choro
Delubra per noctes Deorum,
Te duce, Bacche potens, adire.

APPENDIX.

As the circulation of this work will probably be confined to Teachers and advanced Scholars, it has been deemed advisable, in compliance with the suggestion of some literary friends, to insert the poetical passages selected for the “Exercitationes Iambicæ,” together with the Author’s Translations of them, as originally published in the Key to that work.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO VI.*

THE SUN, awakening, through the smoky air
 Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
 Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
 Of sinful man the sad inheritance :
 Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
 Scaring the prowling robber to his den ;
 Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
 And warning student pale to leave his pen,
 And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O ! what scenes of woe,
 Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam !
 The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
 Through crowded hospital beholds its stream :
 The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and gaol,
 The lovelorn wretch starts from tormenting dream ;
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble
 wail.

* This passage corresponds to the 1st and 2d Exercises.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,

CANTO VI., STANZA 29.*

WITH naked feet and sackcloth vest,
 And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Did every pilgrim go ;
 The standers-by might hear beneath
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath.
 Through all their lengthened row ;
 No lordly look nor martial stride,
 Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
 Forgotten their renown :
 Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
 To the high altar's hallowed side,
 And there they knelt them down :
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave
 The banners of departed brave ;
 Beneath the lettered stones were laid
 The ashes of their fathers dead ;
 From many a garnished niche around,
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
 With sable cowl and scapular,
 And snow-white stoles, in order due,
 The holy fathers, two and two,
 In long procession came ;
 Taper and host, and book they bare,
 And holy banner flourished fair
 With the Redeemer's name.

* Comprising the 3d, 4th, and 5th Exercises.

Above the prostrate pilgrim band
 The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,
 And blessed them as they kneeled :
 With holy cross he signed them all,
 And prayed they might be sage in hall,
 And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
 And solemn requiem for the dead ;
 And bells tolled out their mighty peal
 For the departed spirit's weal ;
 And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose :
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burden of the song :—

“ Dies iræ, dies illa,
 Solvet seclum in favillâ ;”
 While the pealing organ rung :
 Were it meet with sacred strain
 To close my lay, so light and vain,
 Thus the holy Fathers sung :—

Hymn for the Dead.

“ That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

“ When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll :
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

“ O ! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou the trembling sinner’s stay,
 Though Heaven and Earth shall pass away ! ”

THE SLAVE’S DREAM.*

By LONGFELLOW.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand ;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand :
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams,
 The lordly Niger flowed ;
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,
 Once more a king he strode—
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain road.

He saw, once more, his dark-eyed queen
 Among her children stand ;
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
 They held him by the hand !
 A tear burst from the sleeper’s lids,
 And fell into the sand.

* Comprising the 6th, 7th, and 8th Exercises.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the river's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains ;
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his courser's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn to night he followed their flight
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyæna scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crush'd the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it pass'd, like some glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream !

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the blast of the desert cried aloud
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep, and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For death had illumined the land of sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away !

ODE TO RUIN.*

BY BURNS.

ALL hail ! inexorable Lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain—
 A sullen welcome all !
 With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
 I see each aimèd dart ;
 For one has cut *my dearest tie*,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread,
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.

And Thou, grim Power, by life abhorred,
 While life a pleasure can afford,
 O ! hear a wretch's prayer ;
 No more I shrink appalled, afraid,—
 I court, I beg, thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul in silent peace
 Resign life's joyless day ;
 My weary heart its throbbing cease,
 Cold, mould'ring in the clay ?—

* Comprising the 9th and 10th Exercises.

No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face ;
 Enclaspèd, and graspèd
 Within thy cold embrace ?

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,

CANTO V.*

CALL it not vain ! They do not err,
 Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies ;
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone
 For the departed Bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks in deeper groan reply.
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.
 Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 Those things inanimate can mourn :
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Lived in the Poet's faithful song,

* Comprising the 11th, 12th, and 13th Exercises.

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?
They have *one* season, *all* are ours to die !
Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air,
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there !
Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest !
Leaves have their time, &c.

πρόσονδον δ' ἐτείαν ὁργέων τὴν ἐν Νέρει,
 στάχυσι δ' ὀπώρας χρυσέοις λαμπρούς γύας;
 τὴν σὴν δ' ἄφεξιν τις προμηνύσειεν ἄν;
 ἄρδεον ὅταν γε ψιθυρὰ πρῶτον ἐκλέγῃ
 αῆματ' ἥρος νεογενοῦς ἵων τόπον,
 ἡ χῶταν ὠχρὰ Θιγγάνη ὁδῶν φθορά;
 ὥρα μὲν αὐτοῖς γ' ἐνθανεῖν—πᾶσαι βροτοῖς.
 Σὺ γ' ἐμβατεύεις κυμάτων λευκούς ἀφρούς,
 ὅπου δὲ μολπῶν εἰσιν ἔμπλεαι πνοαί,
 ἀνδρας δ' ἐς οἴκους ἡσύχους ἔργει μέτα,
 ἔξω δὲ κάτελθοῦσιν ἐμπίπτεις ἴσως.
 φίλος δ' ὅποι ξυνῆλθεν ἐς ταῦταν φίλω,
 πτελέας ὑφ' ἡσύχαισι κείμενος σκιαῖς,
 ὅπου δὲ καὶ σάλπιγξιν δεξείαις μάχην
 πολέμιος αὐδᾷ πολεμίῳ, ξίφη δ' ἀμφ
 λόφους ἀφειδῆ βασιλέων, βαίνειν φίλεῖς.
 ὥρα γάρ ἐστι πτώσεως εἰμαρμένη
 φύλλοισιν, οὐδὲ ἄωρα βοξείαισι φθίνει
 ἐπιπαῖσιν ἀνθη, καίγαιαι δ' ἀστροῖς δύσεις,
 σοι δὲ ὡς μέτεστι θάνατε παντοίων χρόνων.

D E A T H.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !
 Day is for mortal care,
 Eve for glad gatherings round the joyous hearth,
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
 But *all* for thee, thou mightiest of the earth !
 The banquet hath its hour,
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine !
 Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.
 Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

* Comprising the 16th and 17th Exercises.

Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
 Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?
 They have *one* season, *all* are ours to die !
 Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air,
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth, and thou art there !
 Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest !
 Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Note.—The 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st Exercises, are taken from Horace's Epistles, i. 2.

SCENE FROM RICHARD THE III.*

SHAKSPERE.

GLO'STER *loquitur.*

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree and your condition.
 For, not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded

* Comprising the 22d and 23d Exercises.

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me :—
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So seasoned with your faithful love to me—
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
Therefore, to speak and to avoid the first,
And then in speaking not incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you :
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path lay even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet, so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
(Being a bark to brook no mighty sea),
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered !
But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need :
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

THE AMERICAN FOREST-GIRL.*

By MRS. HEMANS.

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
 On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—
 “Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come!”
 So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
 Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
 A youth, a fair-haired youth of England, stood
 Like a king’s son; though from his cheek had flown
 The mantling crimson of the Island blood,
 And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright,
 And high around him, blazed the fires of night,
 Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
 As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow
 Lighting the victim’s face: but who could tell
 Of what within his secret heart befell,
 Known but to Heaven that hour? Perchance a thought
 Of his far home, then so intensely wrought,
 That its full image, pictured to his eye
 On the dark ground of mortal agony,
 Rose clear as day! And he might see the band
 Of his young sisters, wandering hand in hand,
 Where the laburnum drooped; or haply binding
 The jasmine up the door’s low pillars winding;
 Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
 Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,
 Where sat their mother; and that mother’s face,

* Comprising the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th Exercises.

Its grave, sweet smile, yet wearing in the place
 Where so it ever smiled ! Perchance the prayer
 Learned at her knee came back on his despair ;
 The blessing from her voice, the very tone
 Of her " Goodnight," might breathe from boyhood gone !
 He started, and looked up. Thick cypress boughs,
 Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red,
 In the broad, stormy fire-light ; savage brows,
 With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
 Girt him, like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
 Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
 Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom :
 " Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
 That happy hall in England !—Idle fear !
 Would the winds tell it ? Who might dream or hear
 The secret of the forests ?" To the stake
 They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
 His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
 Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
 Of many hearts !—the fondly-reared, the fair,
 Gladdening all eyes to see ! and fettered there
 He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.
 He thought upon his God :—Hush ! hark ! a cry
 Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity ;—
 A step hath pierced the ring ! Who dares intrude
 On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?
 A girl—a young, slight girl—a fawn-like child
 Of green savannahs and the leafy wild,
 Springing, unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;

Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
For hers had mourned a playmate brother dead.
She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong ;
And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms, to shield it, wound
Like close liannes ; then raised her glittering eye
And clear-toned voice, that said—“ He shall not die !”
“ He shall not die !” The gloomy forest thrilled
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were stilled,
Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed ; their dark souls bowed before the maid,
Her of the dancing step in wood and glade !
And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
Something of Heaven, in silence felt and seen ;
And seeming to their child-like faith a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.
They loosed the bonds that held the captive's breath,
From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree—
“ Away !” they cried, “ young stranger!—thou art free !”

The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel ; whilst, aloud,
From cottage roofs the warbling blue bird sings ;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the thrashing-floor the busy flail.

O ! what a glory doth this world put on
For him, who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind—ay, and the yellow leaves—
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings :
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, and he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

KING JOHN, ACT III. SCENE 4.*

SHAKSPERE.

Pandulphus. Lady, you utter madness and not sorrow.

Constantia. Thou art not holy, to belie me so.

I am not mad : This hair I tear is mine ;
 My name is Constance—I was Geoffrey's wife—
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
 I am not mad ; I would to heaven I were !
 For then 'tis like I should forget myself—
 O ! if I could, what grief should I forget !—
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canonized, Cardinal :
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be delivered of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
 Or, madly think a babe of clouts were he !
 I am not mad—too well, too well I feel,
 The different plagues of each calamity.

* * * *

King Philip. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ;—and wherefore will I do it ?
 I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
 “ O ! that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have given these hairs their liberty ! ”
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,

* Comprising the 31st, 32d, and 33d Exercises.

Because my poor child is a prisoner.
 And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
 'To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker-sorrow eat this bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;—
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of Heaven,
 I shall not know him ; therefore, never, never,
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more !

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

King Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form :

Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare-you-well !—Had you such a loss as I,

I could give you better comfort than you do.

I will not keep this form upon my head,

(tearing off head-dress)

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.*

BY LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered,
 To a holy, calm delight :

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlour-wall :

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door ;
 The beloved, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the road-side fell and perish'd,
 Weary with the march of life !

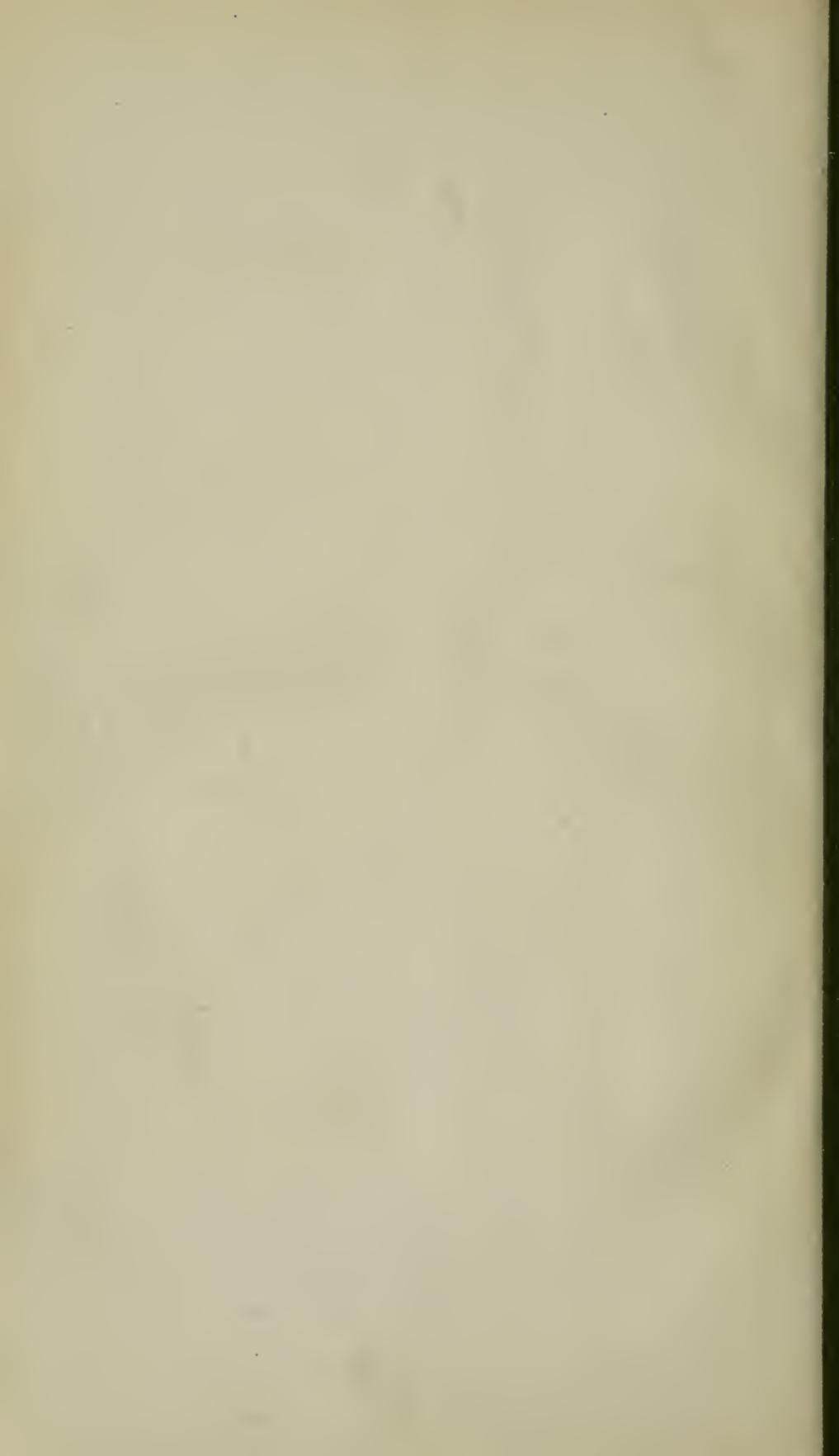
They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more !

* Comprising the 34th and 35th Exercises.

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue and unmixed.

Nestor. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agememnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men ; the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk !

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon ! behold
 The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
 Co-rivalled greatness ? Either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune : for in her ray and brightness
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
 Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, and flies
 Get under shade, why then the thing of courage,
 As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.



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